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Basic English

Relationships



Ministry
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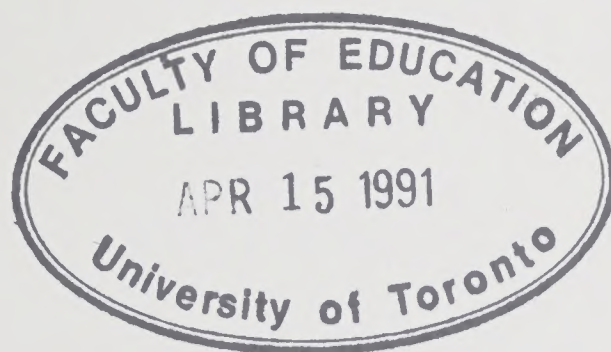
OAIP

Ontario Assessment
Instrument Pool

Basic English OAIP

RELATIONSHIPS

Grade 12 Curriculum Resource Unit



Ontario Assessment Instrument Pool

BASIC ENGLISH

Handbook

Assessment Strategies and Materials

Challenges (Grade 9)

Children's Literature (Grade 11)

Cloze Encounters Unlimited (All grades)

Crime and Consequences (Grade 10)

Horror (Grade 9)

Old Age (Grade 12)

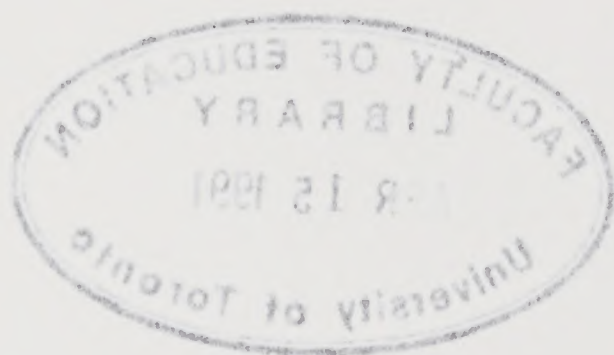
Our Mysterious World (Grade 11)

Relationships (Grade 12)

Using Drama in the English Classroom (All grades)

Video Production/Work Experience (All grades)

Wheels (Grade 10)





Ontario Assessment
Instrument Pool

Basic English

RELATIONSHIPS

Grade 12 Curriculum Resource Unit



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of
Education

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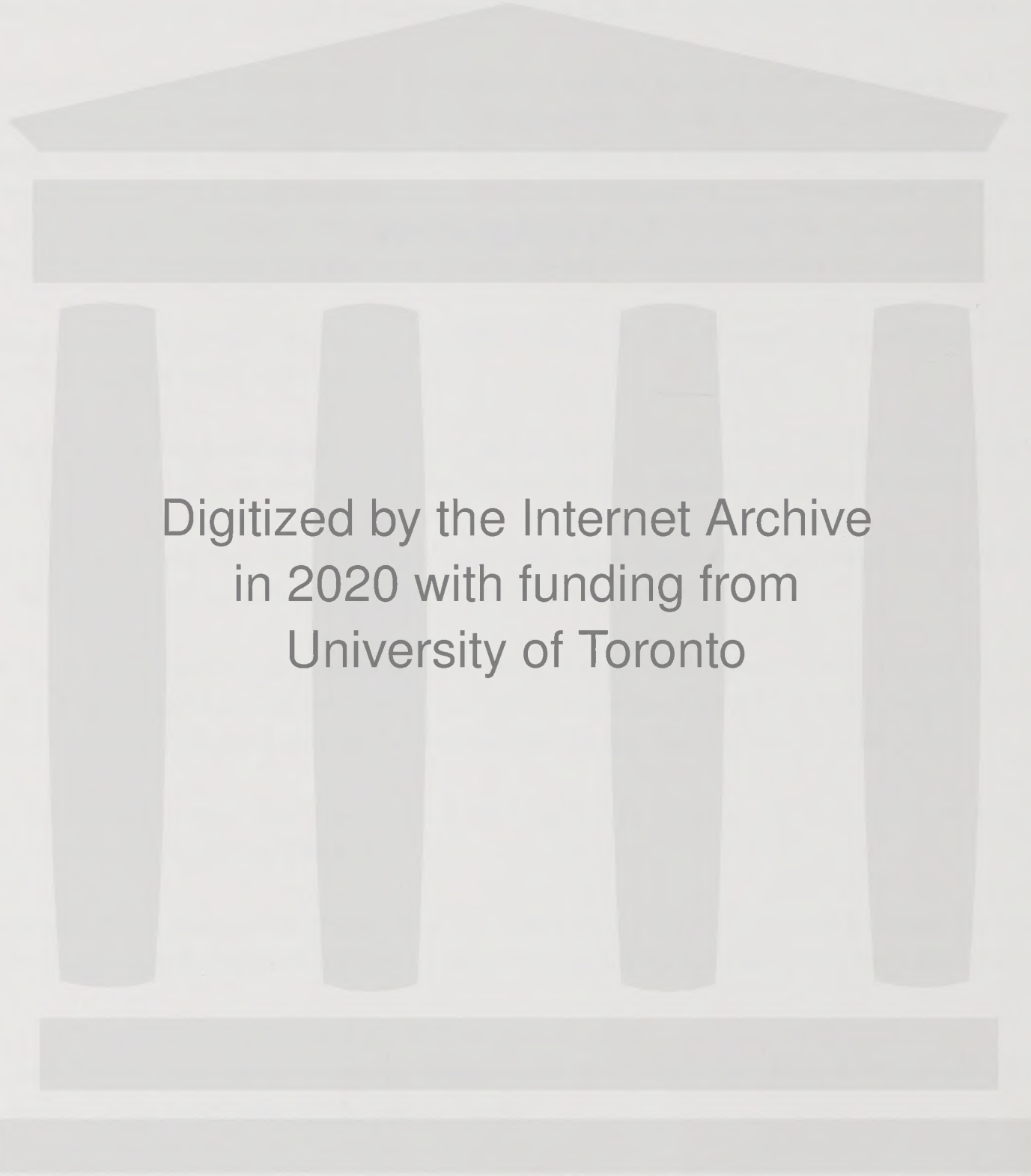
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Introduction



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The Curriculum Resource Units

The **Basic English OAIP** consists of a **Handbook**, **Assessment Strategies and Materials**, and a set of curriculum resource units. The **Handbook** outlines the philosophy and methodology of the pool. **Assessment Strategies and Materials** provides materials for classroom use. The curriculum resource units include two high-interest themes for each grade from 9 to 12 and three resource guides to help teachers integrate computers, media, and drama into their programs. They provide models of how assessment and evaluation can be integrated with daily teaching.

The approach to assessment and evaluation recommended by this pool is outlined in a four-stage model, presented in a diagram and a chart on pages 13 and 14 of the **Handbook**. These four stages are:

Stage One:	Assessing Learning Background
Stage Two:	Ongoing Assessment and Evaluation
Stage Three:	Summative Evaluation
Stage Four:	Reporting

The **Basic English OAIP** is also based on the curriculum and evaluation areas referred to on page 12 of *English: Curriculum Guideline, 1987*:

- Writing (as process)
- Small group (or interactive) learning
- Oral language (Listening and Speaking)
- Work and study habits (and independent learning)
- Summative tests or examinations (and projects)

The curriculum resource units are organized according to the four-stage model and provide opportunities for assessment in the above curriculum areas. Each unit includes interesting activities, instructions, resources, and guides to assessment. Many of the units involve drama and role-play activities. The curriculum resource units are presented as a resource. Some teachers may wish to use the activities exactly as described, and in the order presented. Others may prefer to select only those activities that correspond with their own teaching style and the needs and interests of their classes. You may select or reject activities, add to or delete from them, edit, revise, and extend them. Do whatever you need to do to make these units relevant, interesting, and engaging for your own classes.

The time recommended for the theme units is twenty to thirty hours, or four to six weeks. The time required for the three resource guides will depend upon how they are being used with your program.

A complete listing of the curriculum resource units is provided on the next page, with a brief description of each.

Description of Curriculum Resource Units

Grade 9	HORROR This unit encourages students to extend their awareness of what horror is all about, and to consider why people are so drawn to horror.
	CHALLENGES This unit encourages students to consider how people set challenges for themselves and overcome obstacles in their lives.
Grade 10	CRIME AND CONSEQUENCES This unit focusses students' attention on choices, consequences, and the law.
	WHEELS This unit deals with issues related to automobiles, including safety, consumerism, and responsibility.
Grade 11	CHILDREN'S LITERATURE This unit encourages students to consider their own experience as readers, and engages students in storytelling and story writing.
	OUR MYSTERIOUS WORLD This unit is a collection of activities to generate student reading and writing about both fictional and real mysteries.
Grade 12	RELATIONSHIPS This unit deals with relationships between people as portrayed through what we read, what we view, and what we hear.
	OLD AGE This unit examines some of our misconceptions about old age, and encourages students to broaden their understanding of the aging process.
Any Grade	VIDEO PRODUCTION/WORK EXPERIENCE This unit provides ideas for how to use a video camera in the classroom.
	CLOZE ENCOUNTERS UNLIMITED This unit integrates reading, writing, and language study by providing computer activities to be done collaboratively.
	USING DRAMA IN THE ENGLISH CLASSROOM This guide provides teachers with ideas for incorporating drama into the English classroom.

The Relationships Unit

Focus of the Unit

This unit provides students with opportunities to explore their own relationships with their peers and families and to explore the portrayal of relationships in the media. In particular, students are encouraged to examine how male/female relationships are portrayed in rock music and videos, and in literature.

Purposes of the Unit

There are opportunities for students to:

1. examine their own attitudes about relationships with the opposite sex,
2. examine the portrayal of male/female relationships in rock music and rock videos, and in a selection of short stories and drama,
3. make inferences and draw conclusions from what they find, and
4. participate in discussion, writing, and presentations growing out of the media and literature.

Opportunities for Assessment

The activities in this unit will provide many opportunities for teacher, peer, and self-assessment of the learning that is taking place. With each activity in **Stage One** and **Stage Two**, you will find a guide to assessment. In the guide, areas of assessment are suggested. Within each area you will find specific criteria and indicators to guide your assessment. With each activity in **Stage Three**, you will find a guide to summative evaluation on which to record the criteria to be evaluated, as well as the marks and comments.

Oral Reading with Students

In order to supplement the activities of the unit, it is a good idea to spend some time reading aloud with your students. You might select a novel and devote a portion of each period to reading a chapter aloud. You might also select a number of short stories that would be effective when read aloud. Those students in your class who are good readers might volunteer to participate in the oral reading. Another strategy might be to prepare taped readings of literature.

Journal Topics

Journal writing is most effective when students have a topic they really want to write about. Listed below are some suggested topics for journal writing:

1. The perfect mate for me
2. Same-sex friendships are just as important as opposite-sex relationships.
3. In a relationship, one of the partners should have more power than the other.
4. It is important to test the strength of your relationship periodically.
5. In a marriage, it is essential that both partners be equal in all areas.
6. It is still important for the man to be the major breadwinner.
7. Differences in class and ethnic background are not important in a relationship.
8. You don't have to be in love to be married.
9. Falling in love is not the same as being in love.

Opportunities for Integration with Other School Subjects

All of the activities lend themselves to applications in a family studies course which deals with relationships.

Stage One

ASSESSING LEARNING BACKGROUND

Activity 1

Exploring Our Attitudes through Self-Assessment

Introduction

One of the best methods for getting your students engaged in a theme is to find out what they think and know before you start teaching them. The self-assessment materials in this activity will help you to assess your learners' attitudes and self-perceptions. This activity allows for observation of **Speaking, Listening, and Work and Study Habits**.

Instructions

1. Initiate a discussion with your students about roles and/or attitudes. Look over the self-assessment sheets (pages 11-14) to get a sense of where the discussion might lead.
2. Students complete the two self-assessment activities: "Different Roles" (page 11) and "Self-Assessment of Attitudes" (pages 12-14).
3. After class, read the responses and write a very short personal note to each student, commenting on one or two of the things s/he said. Invite each student to write back to you. Put each note in a sealed envelope and return it to the student in the next class.

Ideally, this will develop into a regular exchange of letters. Your role should be that of sensitive confidante, not evaluator.

Activity 1
Guide to Assessment

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
SPEAKING	
ATTITUDE	Does the student show willingness to: (a) speak? (b) describe and reflect on own feelings? (c) talk about topics of personal interest?
LISTENING	
ATTITUDE	Is the student willing to: (a) listen to others? (b) respond?
WORK AND STUDY HABITS	
ATTENTIVENESS	Does the student: (a) follow instructions? (b) concentrate on the task?
CO-OPERATION	Does the student: (a) follow classroom procedures? (b) respect ideas and opinions of others?
SELF-DISCIPLINE	Does the student: (a) wait his/her turn to ask/answer questions? (b) use appropriate language?

Activity 1

Different Roles

Name: _____ Date: _____

You, like everyone else, may be playing different roles at different times and in different places. As you complete the sentences below, consider the different roles that you play.

1. When I am alone, I often _____

2. When I am with my family, I often _____

3. When I am in a classroom, I usually _____

4. When I am with my friends, I am the one in the group who _____

5. When I am at work, I am the one who _____

6. When I am on a team or in a club, I am the one who _____

Activity 1

Self-Assessment of Attitudes

Name: _____ Date: _____

As you complete the following, think about your own attitudes, and how they might affect your learning.

1. The thing I like best about my appearance is _____

2. I really enjoy _____

3. If I had only one day to live, I would _____

4. It really bugs me when _____

5. When I get angry, I _____

6. What I value most in a friend is _____

7. The person I would most like to be is _____

Self-Assessment of Attitudes

Page 2

Name: _____ Date: _____

8. Some day I would like to _____

9. I hope I never _____

10. The job I would like to do is _____

11. I'm glad that _____

12. My favourite relative is _____

13. I like her/him because _____

14. If I could have one wish, it would be _____

Self-Assessment of Attitudes

Page 3

Name: _____ Date: _____

15. The thought that scares me most is _____

16. You can tell that someone likes/loves you if _____

17. My favourite way to use my spare time is _____

18. My biggest contribution to my family is _____

19. I wish I didn't have to _____

20. The thing I do best is _____

Activity 2

Exploring Our Attitudes through Drama

Introduction

This activity presents students with a number of real-life problem situations involving boy/girl relationships. For each situation, students discuss the problem, attempt to come up with a solution, and then role-play the action. Several situations are provided (page 18), but you may wish to collaborate with your students to develop your own. Refer to *Using Drama in the English Classroom*, one of the books in this series, for suggestions about role-playing. This activity allows for observation of **Work and Study Habits**, **Small Group Learning**, and **Speaking**.

Instructions

1. Type each situation on a separate sheet of paper and distribute them at stations around the room.
2. Establish small groups and direct each group to a particular station to read and discuss the problem situation. Ten or fifteen minutes should be allowed for discussion and problem-solving. If students are experienced in improvised drama, omit the preparation time and have them role-play spontaneously.
3. Once the groups have generated solutions, they prepare short dramas illustrating them. The drama should have:
 - (a) a definite beginning which introduces the situation and problem,
 - (b) a resolution of the problem, and
 - (c) a definite ending (a “freeze” may be appropriate).
4. Performance of the dramas may occur simultaneously, or students may prefer to watch each other's work.
5. Conduct a class discussion to give all students the opportunity to respond to all of the problems and the solutions.
6. The dramas provide an excellent stimulus for writing activities such as personal letters, diary entries, poems.

Activity 2
Guide to Assessment

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
WORK AND STUDY HABITS	
CO-OPERATION	Does the student: (a) follow classroom procedures? (b) participate in a variety of activities?
SELF-DISCIPLINE	Does the student: (a) wait his/her turn to ask questions? (b) use appropriate language?
INITIATIVE	Does the student: (a) attempt new activities?
ENTHUSIASM	Does the student: (a) approach work with an “I can do it” attitude?
Continued	

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
SMALL GROUP LEARNING	
ATTITUDE	Does the student show: (a) a willingness to work with others? (b) commitment to the task? (c) acceptance of responsibility?
CO-OPERATION/ INTERACTION	Does the student: (a) accept others? (b) help and encourage others? (c) listen to others?
INVOLVEMENT	Does the student: (a) offer ideas, suggestions? (b) take risks?
ROLES	Does the student: (a) understand the purpose of the activity? (b) propose a suitable approach? (c) keep the group on track? (d) share or accept leadership?
SPEAKING	
ROLE-PLAY	Does the student: (a) assume a role? (b) sustain the role? (c) show imagination and thought?

Activity 2

Problem Situations to Discuss and Dramatize

1. You have already accepted a date to a party when another person, whom you would really rather go with, phones you up and invites you to the same party.
(Different pairs could dramatize different decisions.)
2. You are home alone with three friends. Your parents have asked you not to go out while they are out. One of your friends gets a call to say that there is a really good party going on. Your friends want you to go.
3. You come from one particular background. Your parents want you to date young people from the same background. You have met a person whom you are interested in but you doubt that your parents would approve. Dramatize the discussion around the dinner table on this issue.
4. You are at home with two or three friends of the same sex. You made plans with them a week ago to stay home and watch a movie on TV. A person whom you really like and whom you would like to date calls at the last minute and wants you to go out. What do you do?
5. You are asked out by a person who is not particularly attractive, but who is very nice. You accept. Your friends are horrified that you are going to go. They try to talk you out of it.

Stage Two

ONGOING ASSESSMENT AND EVALUATION

Activity 3

Exploring Rock Videos

Introduction

Having first considered their own attitudes about relationships, students now explore the medium of rock video to see how it treats the subject. They will look at both lyrics and visuals and also examine the relationship between these two modes. This activity allows for observation of **Speaking and Listening**, **Work and Study Habits**, and **Writing**.

Instructions

1. Initiate a discussion about song lyrics as poetry. Musicians are like poets in that they write about feelings they share with other people, and about life and its problems. Encourage students to discuss their favourite song lyrics and their reasons for liking them. This discussion may be extended by having students bring in album jackets containing lyrics so that the rest of the class may respond with their own reactions. This discussion should generate plenty of material for journal writing.
2. Introduce the rock video as a new medium which is having a profound effect on our culture, the entertainment industry, and the recording industry. Use the newspaper article “Music Cause of Teen Problems?” (pages 23-24) as a stimulus for discussion and debate of the most contentious issue surrounding rock videos: whether or not they can influence the behaviour of people watching them.
3. Conduct one or more full-period lessons examining specific song lyrics and the accompanying videos.

A sample lesson plan is provided (pages 25-26), together with some suggested videos which deal with male/female relationships.

Activity 3

Guide to Assessment

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
SPEAKING	
ATTITUDE	Does the student show willingness to: (a) describe and reflect on own feelings? (b) talk about topics of personal interest?
CONTENT	Does the student: (a) use appropriate language? (b) ask relevant questions? (c) express critical judgement?
LISTENING	
RESPONSIVENESS	Does the student: (a) respond to what is said? (b) show courtesy to the speaker?
WRITING	
ATTITUDE	Is the student willing to: (a) write? (b) decide on a topic? (c) confer with the teacher/peers?
COMPOSING AND CREATING	Does the student: (a) develop ideas fully? (b) develop ideas in interesting ways? (c) produce a first draft?

Activity 3

MUSIC CAUSE OF TEEN PROBLEMS?

by Ann Landers

From *The Saturday Windsor Star*, July 27, 1985

Dear Ann:

Do you have the courage to print this letter? It is sure to make you extremely unpopular with your young readers, especially after the letter you printed recently on this same subject.

I must write it because I firmly believe that part of what is wrong with teenagers today has a lot to do with their music. Nobody can listen to rock for hours on end for weeks, months and years, and not be seriously affected by it.

A while back I attended a rock concert at the Mayo Civic Auditorium in Rochester, Minn. The performing group was the W.A.S.P. bunch. (Those initials stand for "We Are Sexually Perverted"). One of their numbers featured the beating of a young girl who wore very little.

Their messages were clear. Suicide is "in". The lyrics of "Don't Fear the Reaper" were frightening. A tune by Blue Oyster Cult about a suicide pact between young lovers made death sound appealing.

Another group, AC/DC, plays songs like "Gimme a Bullet" and "Shoot to Thrill."

Is it any wonder teenage suicide has doubled in the last decade? The mental health experts tell us that over half a million kids try to kill themselves every year. It is reasonable to assume that young people who are depressed can be pushed over the edge by rock groups that urge kids to "pull the trigger — pull it!"

Rebellion and violence are prominent in rock lyrics. Songs like "Flaming Youth" encourage young people to use their power to rebel. Elton John, in the song "Benny and the Jets," says, "We shall survive. Let us take ourselves along where we fight our parents out on the streets to find who's right and who's wrong."

Sex is the underlying theme of most rock songs. Some of the titles are so suggestive you couldn't print them in a family newspaper.

Rock music glorifies drugs and gives the impression that everyone is doing it. Comfortably Numb, by Pink Floyd. Fantasy, by Aldo Nova, and that oldie by the Beatles, Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds, are a few examples.

Add the drug culture influence to what we read in the Wall Street Journal about today's children of the affluent. They expect to enjoy all the luxuries their parents have but they

don't want to work "that hard." I am concerned about our beautiful country. The Russians won't have to fire a shot. — **Realistic in Minn.**

Dear Realistic:

I am printing your letter with no comment. I'd like to hear what the rock enthusiasts have to say. And anyone else for that matter.

Activity 3

Lesson Plan

Title of Song: _____

Artist: _____

Synopsis: _____

Instructions

1. Introduce the name of the song and the artist and elicit initial responses from all students to this particular video. Every student should have a chance to respond but, because opinions on music are often strong and highly subjective, it is essential to establish an atmosphere of respect for all opinions.
2. Listen to the song first, without viewing the video. Simply cover the screen in order to do this.
3. Encourage students to discuss the lyrics. You may wish to use the following prompts:
 - (a) What is the song about?
 - (b) What are the roles of the people involved?
 - (c) Is there a problem situation?
 - (d) What is your reaction to the lyrics of this song?
4. View the video with the sound turned on.
5. Encourage students to discuss the relationships between the lyrics and the visuals. You may wish to use the following prompts:
 - (a) Does the video suit the lyrics? Why/why not?
 - (b) Does the video change your interpretation of the song? How?
 - (c) Describe the characters in the video. Are they life-like? Are they attractive?
 - (d) What kind of relationship do the characters in the video appear to have?
 - (e) How do you know this?
6. Either assign or allow students to choose from the following list of follow-up activities:
 - (a) Write a review of a video for publication in a magazine.
 - (b) Make a collage to illustrate the theme of one of the videos.

- (c) Write a letter to the song writer/performer, letting him/her know what you think of the song and the video.
- (d) Write a series of questions and use them to interview ten students about one of the videos. Write their responses in a report.
- (e) Interview several adults (parents, teachers) to get their opinions on a particular video. Write their responses in a report.

Suggested List of Rock Videos Dealing with Male/Female Relationships

Run To You by Bryan Adams. Boy has to decide whether to show his girlfriend his other love, his guitar.

Careless Whispers by Wham. Boy learns disloyalty to his girlfriend causes him pain and loss.

I Want to Know What Love Is by Foreigner. Boy quarrels with girlfriend but feelings for each other unite them.

I Need Somebody by Bryan Adams. A song about the need for everyone to have someone to share life with.

Loverboy by Billy Ocean. A story of extraterrestrial love.

Note: Music and videos become dated very quickly. To engage student interest, use current material.

Activity 4

Reading and Predicting as a Class

Introduction

Modelling good oral reading is an excellent way to help students appreciate good literature. This activity provides you with the opportunity to read to your students and then to engage them in the same story by predicting possible endings. This activity allows for observation of **Speaking, Listening, Work and Study Habits, and Writing.**

Instructions

1. Read aloud to your students the part of the story “Careful, or You Might Get Scratched” that appears on pages 30-37. You may wish to do this over two days. Stop after Brian has said, “Don’t you want me here?”
2. Working in pairs, preferably a male and a female, students discuss Crystal’s response to this question. They should discuss what course they think Crystal and Brian’s relationship should take or likely will take.
3. As a class, discuss the conclusions reached by each pair of students. List the various options on the board.
4. Students write their own endings to the story on the basis of this class discussion.
5. Read the actual ending to the story (pages 38-41) the next day and encourage discussion.

Activity 4

Guide to Assessment

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
LISTENING	
ATTITUDE	Is the student willing to: (a) listen? (b) respond?
RESPONSIVENESS	Does the student: (a) understand what is read? (b) evaluate what is read? (c) respond to what is read?
VARIOUS PURPOSES	Does the student: (a) retain and recall details? (b) reflect on events and draw conclusions? (c) predict likely outcomes? (d) recognize alternative courses of action?
SMALL GROUP LEARNING	
EXPLORATORY TALK	Does the student: (a) ask relevant questions? (b) listen and talk to learn? (c) explore feelings? (d) generate new ideas?
Continued	

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
<div data-bbox="801 562 1024 601">WRITING</div> <div data-bbox="472 684 852 783">COMPOSING AND CREATING</div> <div data-bbox="892 684 1690 1218">Does the student: (a) brainstorm ideas? (b) develop ideas fully? (c) talk about things that are subjects for writing? (d) develop ideas in an interesting way? (e) arrange ideas in an understandable way? (f) use an ordered sequence? (g) produce a first draft?</div>	

Activity 4

CAREFUL, OR YOU MIGHT GET SCRATCHED

by Joan Dash

“Ready to order?” I said to the two middle-aged women in Ultrasuede dresses. They were so busy talking, they hardly heard, so I went on to a single, a hippie type who wanted carob-chip cookies and Red Zinger tea. I’d have gone to the next table, only I caught certain words from the Ultrasuedes that came at me like a cold wind.

One woman was saying, “They’re simply sick over it, the Beckwiths. The girl has no ambition, no interest in education . . . They feel the boy is throwing himself away.”

The second woman, while putting her glasses on and picking up the menu: “I wonder what he sees in her . . . I think an omelet.”

First woman: “They thought once Bryan went away to college, he’d forget all about her, but he came back for Easter break, and they took up right where they left off . . . Be sure to try the croissants. They have marvelous croissants here.”

The door burst open. More people came in, and from behind the counter, I saw Avery, my boss, lift the brown beret he wore winter and summer, slap it back on so it tilted over one eyebrow, and wiggle his other eyebrow at me. But I was still frozen in place. My mouth had gone dry; my tongue felt too large for it. Finally, I pulled myself away from the women, took two more orders, and went to the counter.

Avery said, “What’s with you, Crystal?”

“Skip it. I need two hash browns, one eggs sunny-side up . . .” I tore the order off my pad and started back.

“First, the raccoons,” Avery said, “then you — some way to start a morning.” In the mirror behind him, I saw a girl who looked a little like me — short, with short, straight blond hair and a drowned look in her eyes. The girl Bryan Beckwith was throwing himself away on . . . I turned my back on her and pushed myself in the direction of the Ultrasuedes. The first one, the big talker, was still at it: “It’s been going on for a year and a half,” she was saying.

Seven months, I said inside my head. “Ready now?”

Bigmouth, with a false smile, said, “One omelet, espresso for two, two croissants, and some of that blackberry jam.”

“We’re out,” I snapped. (We were not — we had gallons of blackberry jam, which I’d made from the bushes out back.) “There’s grape jelly. Welch’s.”

They'd have straight butter instead. I took other orders and went to the counter with them, returning with food. More orders, more food. Refills on coffee. My stomach had tied itself into knots like hard little fists.

Ten forty-five. Breakfast rush was over, which meant we had a breathing space before the lunch crowd started in. Avery and I were on the couch opposite the counter. It was covered with fuzzy blue plush, and its springs sagged way down. Crazy to have such a beat-up couch in the middle of a café, but we did. Avery said it was like an old friend, and he didn't believe in putting a friend out to pasture because of arthritis and sag.

He lit a cigarette and pulled off the beret in order to run a hand through his frizzy brown hair. "You look like you're coming down with malaria," he said.

"Forget it. Hey, give me a puff."

"You're too young for nasty habits." (Avery was only four years older.) He slouched back, folded his arms, and stared up at the ceiling — a skinny little slip of a guy with a narrow face that was always smiling at the world, as if everything he saw was half sad and half humorous. Maybe that was why his café was such an oddball place, with neat blue checked curtains and tablecloths and terrific food along with that broken-down couch and many customers who were ditto.

He said, "Well, it looks like the dinner special had better be the zucchini lasagna. Not because it's so hot, but because it's almost the only thing left. That and the Vegetarian Fantasy."

"Raccoons did it again, huh?"

"You betcha. Cleaned out my meat loaf — all they left was the pan. They also got my handmade sausages. I could have bawled. I'm going to have that alley bulldozed — raccoons, blackberry bushes — the works."

He'd said it loads of times before, so I paid no attention. Inside my head, I was back at the table with the Ultrasuedes. "Sick." The Beckwiths were sick over it . . . I'd known all along that Bryan's parents weren't exactly crazy about me — but sick over it?

"Coffee, Crystal?" Mrs. Beckwith said.

"Thank you, I'd love some." (She made lousy coffee.)

"Coffee for you, Bryan?"

Bryan shrugged, pushing away his dish of fruit salad. “Maybe milk,” he said. “I don’t feel like coffee.”

“I’m afraid there isn’t more than half a glass of milk left, dear.”

“Never mind, then,” Bryan said, leaning toward his dad. “We thought we’d head out for Matthews Beach. Lie on the sand awhile, feed the ducks — do a lot of nothing ...”

We were going biking that Saturday, the two of us, and the Beckwiths had invited me for brunch; I was, therefore, very busy inspecting their faces, watching for signs of how they felt about me. Which wasn’t easy. They were both so polite, the Beckwiths. Nice people, really nice, and with class — Mr. B. was a college professor. You never walked into that house without hearing Mozart or Bach on the stereo, and the place was loaded with books. But polite people don’t want to let on how they feel about you; you have to read between the lines, pick up clues from that they *don’t* say.

Bryan, meanwhile, was not eating. He was dying to get out, get going, feel fresh air on his face. He sat with one arm around my shoulder, his finger tap-tapping on the back of my chair. He had a certain nervousness that went with being so thin — tall, dark-haired, with big dark eyes under shiny black brows. Intense, that’s how I thought of him.

Mr. B., dabbing at the edge of his mouth with a napkin, said, “Better stoke up then, Bryan. You haven’t touched your plate; biking’s hard work.”

“Not really hungry. Anyhow, Crystal packed a big lunch.”

But I held out my plate for seconds on quiche and fruit, feeling sorry about all that uneaten food. “A small slice of coffee cake, too,” I said, “if that’s okay.” Mrs. B., looking absent-minded, gave me seconds on everything. The four of us breathed at each other for a while, and on their faces was nothing at all. Just good-humoured smiles — maybe real, maybe fake, you couldn’t tell.

Then Mrs. B. stood up and left the room, and there were only the three of us. Mr. B. said, “How’s that job of yours, Crystal?”

“Great,” I said, as Bryan shifted in his chair, his fingers tapping harder. He knew how they felt about the job, the waitressing ... their brilliant son, who’d gotten into a top engineering school back east, going with this lightweight that he’d met while lifeguarding at the Myrtle Edwards Pool. Dozens of lovely college-bound girls around, and look at who he chooses ... Bryan and I rarely discussed it. Why pour salt on the wounds?

“It’s really interesting,” I said. “I mean, one of these days I wouldn’t mind owning a place like that. A café, with people from the neighbourhood dropping in. I’m a fairly good cook, and I do most of the bookkeeping ...”

Mr. B's eyebrows shot way up, but before he could get a word out, Mrs. B. came back from the kitchen. She was slightly out of breath.

"Here's your milk, Byran," she said. "I went next door and borrowed a quart."

Bryan jumped to his feet. "Thanks a lot, Mom, but I think we'd better get moving." He was pulling my chair back . . . Throat-clearings, handshakes. Polite thank-yous and everything-tasted-so-greats from me.

Mrs. B. still had Bryan's glass of milk; she held it out to him. "Save it for tomorrow," he said. And then we were going out the door.

Bryan got his bike from the garage. I pulled mine from against the wall of the house, where I'd left it. And just as I was about to climb on, he came over to me, leaned his cheek against mine, and whispered in my ear, "Alone at last, Princess. I thought we'd never get out." And he kissed me, his dark eyes shining.

From the front window, I caught a sudden glimpse of his mother — still holding the glass of milk — watching us. And then I knew, because her mouth was tight, her nostrils flared, her chin seemed to wobble . . . She was sick over it, all right.

Part of me felt like yelling out to her. "I'm not dumb, you hear? Different from you, okay, but I've got hopes and dreams of my own, and I'm not dumb. Don't you forget that!" Only the hot sun was on my face, and Bryan was at my side, and I felt too good for yelling. At anyone.

Later that week, I almost got up the courage to mention it to him. He'd walked to the café to hang out with me in the prelunch lull. We were setting tables. "Over here, right in this chair," I said, "a friend of your mom's was having breakfast . . ."

"Yeah?" He straightened a paper napkin, then lined up the knife and fork.

"She was talking to this other woman. I couldn't help overhearing."

Silence. Bryan's head bent close to mine.

"She said your parents — "

He breathed out, or else it was a sort of laugh. He shook his head, as if to shake away whatever I was going to say about his parents, then blew on a knife handle and started polishing it. A car honked outside. Through the front window, we saw the Beckwiths' car, with Mr. B. inside it, smiling in our direction. Bryan dropped the knife, turning as if to go — then suddenly, impulsively, he grabbed me and hugged me so hard I could barely breathe.

Then he kissed me — a light, sweet kiss. “Don’t eavesdrop, Princess,” he whispered. “I love you very much, that’s all that counts.”

Then he marched out the front door, climbed into the car beside his dad, and waved goodbye to Avery. They were off, to who-knows-where, Bryan’s father looking straight ahead now, not smiling, hunched over the wheel and businesslike.

I turned to Avery. “What next? Tables are set. You want me to heat up that mushroom soup?”

“Sure, kid.”

“Why are you staring at me?”

He shrugged. “Why not?” He was standing behind the counter, his hands jammed in his pockets, and just staring with his half-sad eyes.

“You look like you feel sorry for me or something,” I said.

“Oh really? Is that how I look?” Avery blinked and turned away ... Why? What went on under that idiotic beret? Why did he stare at me so often nowadays and always with that sorrowful expression?

The door opened, letting in a whoosh of warm spring air and two old ladies talking a mile a minute. One was tall and straight but so thin, she looked like she’d been pressed between the covers of a book. The other was bent over and tiny. Both wore blond wigs and clothes they must have picked out at a rummage sale while blindfolded. They sat at a window table, holding up the menu with shivery fingers. “One amaretto ice cream,” the small one said. “And two spoons, please.”

“I very strongly advise the Buddha’s Delight,” Avery said. “It has six different vegetables. Buy a couple of ice creams, and I’ll throw in a Buddha for free.”

They frowned, bent their wigs together, and discussed his offer. The tall one looked up at him. “Do we have to?” she asked.

“You betcha,” Avery said, shifting the beret till it tilted over his ear. “No ice cream for senior citizens without some veggies — it’s a rule of the house.”

The little one giggled. Avery winked at me and went to the counter. I headed for the kitchen, where I took the lid off a big stockpot of mushroom soup. I breathed in the wonderful smell. Through the window over the stove, I saw the alley — blackberry bushes, spider webs, all sorts of wild and tangled things. This was the hiding place of the famous raccoons, which you couldn’t see now, in the daylight. But they were in there somewhere. Sleeping behind their masks. Even in the daytime, the back alley had a mysterious look to it, full of shadows

and secrets. Bulldoze the whole thing? I hoped Avery wouldn't. I loved the place. To me, it was just as much a part of the café as the couch and Avery's brown beret. Besides, I needed those bushes: Every summer, since I'd first come to work at Avery's, I'd made the jam; I usually made so much that it lasted till the new crop came in ...

Which brought me right back to the Ultrasuede women. I climbed on a high stool and in my head continued the conversation with Bryan: *You think it doesn't matter how your parents feel about me, and maybe you're right. It's your life and all that jazz. But listen, they're paying your bills, they deserve a little —*

I had to stop, though. I had to ask myself what, and how much, they deserved. This is a rough world we live in, getting rougher every day, so if you find someone you really love, are you supposed to just forget that person — because of your parents?

From the doorway, I heard Avery's voice. "You think I should bulldoze?"

"Huh?"

"Or maybe just leave the whole thing as it is and set out the traps ... I don't know. I like the alley. You like the alley. I've seen you out there in the mornings — "

"Avery, will you kindly let me alone a couple of minutes more?"

He had the beret in his hands and was twisting it. "Remember last summer? Remember how we picked blackberries by the pailfuls?"

"Will you just flake off, Avery?"

A moment of silence, then the beret was back on his head. "You've got a sharp tongue there, kid. I was simply asking your opinion."

"All right, I'm sorry."

"If I were you, I'd watch that tongue."

"I said I was sorry. Look, you're not the only one who has worries."

He came up behind me and put his hand on my shoulder, patting me the way you pat a child. "There are times when you definitely remind me of those blackberry bushes," he said. "A person's got to be careful around you, or they might get scratched."

"Yeah. Well. We bushes have to protect ourselves any way we can."

He came over and stood in front of me, leaning across the stove to look out the window. “We’d lose the spider webs, that’s another thing. They look so great on summer mornings when they’re full of dew.”

“Quit kidding yourself, Avery, you’ll never bulldoze. You’ll just go right on griping about the raccoons, till you maybe move to another place, a place without an alley.”

He laughed a little. “You don’t know me, kid. I don’t give up that easy. When I find a place I like, I stick with it, raccoons or no raccoons.”

There were noises from inside now. We went out to face the midday rush. After that came the slow trickle of people in for dessert: mothers with toddlers, old people from the neighbourhood, middle-aged women on the way home from downtown, their arms full of fancy shopping bags. At one point, a pair of kids holding hands walked in, sat at a small table, and stared so hard into each other’s eyes, I was afraid if I spoke to them it would be like waking sleepwalkers.

I stomped up to Avery. “You wait on those two; I’m taking my break now.”

“What break? Who takes a break at a quarter past four, when she goes off duty at five?”

“I do,” I said and threw myself onto the blue couch, trying not to watch the lovebirds but watching them, feeling homesick for the way they were. So wrapped up in each other. So uncaring about the rest of the world. That’s how it ought to be . . . except sometimes, the rest of the world comes and plunks itself down in front of you and sticks its clammy hands between you. I shut my eyes to shut out the two kids and went back in my mind to the talk I was maybe going to have with Bryan: *Let’s cool it. If we’re as much in love as I think we are, it won’t hurt if we try going out with other people. You can go out with the type of girl your parents like, I can go out with — well, anyone. Meanwhile, your folks will have a breather, you’ll have a breather —*

Something touched my cheek. My eyes shot open. “Bryan — what are you doing here?”

He lowered himself onto the couch beside me, listening with interest to the twangs and moanings of the springs. Then, his hand on my chin, he turned my face toward his. “Got something to tell you, Princess. Something wonderful.”

I saw that his eyes were sparkling — even his eyebrows seemed to glisten — but I told him to go wait at our usual table, because I had to work another half hour. When I got off at five, Avery’s brother came on; the two of them did the dinner rush between them. “Will it keep half an hour?” I asked Bryan.

“It’ll keep,” he said with that glow on his face. Then as we pulled ourselves off the blue couch, I saw Avery waving, meaning he’d run the show by himself for a while. I could take the half hour as a gift.

So I said to Bryan, “Looks like we won’t have to wait.” We headed for our table, passing a fat girl who was stuffing her face with double-chocolate cupcakes, then the smooching couple, then a giant philodendron, with late afternoon sun filtering in through its leaves. Behind it was our special corner. Bryan sat; I sat. We reached for each other’s hands beneath the table.

He said, “I got a letter from the U. They said it’s okay for me to transfer here.”

I blinked, dumbfounded.

“No more letter-writing. No more long-distance calls. We’ll have time together — all the time in the world.” He held my hand between both of his now, and on his face was that certain look he got when he was excited. Like a runner, waiting for the starter’s signal and straining to take off.

Only I couldn’t share Bryan’s excitement. We’d been through this whole thing before, we’d talked it all out during Christmas vacation and finally agreed it didn’t make sense — the U wasn’t nearly so good in engineering as the place he’d handpicked.

“Say something, Crystal.”

And when I didn’t, just sat there, hating to spoil it for him but dead sure we’d been right to begin with, he whispered. “Don’t you want me here?”

Story Ending

“Of course I do. Okay, I do, and I don’t. Bryan, listen. You’re not being fair to yourself, and you’re not being fair to your parents.”

He stiffened a little. “Come off it. If the U is good enough for my dad to teach in, it’s good enough for me to go to.”

“He’ll hate it. They’ll both hate it. They’ll realize why you switched and — ”

“It’s none of their business!” The words shot out. Bryan dropped my hand and turned his head away from me.

I said, “Bryan, don’t you think you owe them something?”

At that, he shoved his long legs out in the direction of the table across from ours, the one with the lovebirds. He looked at them with annoyance, but they didn’t look at him or see him, because if the place burned down, they wouldn’t know it; they were forehead-to-forehead now . . . Bryan never thought much of kids who went all lovesick in public places. He turned away from them to face me. “You know something, Crystal? I am bored out of my skull by the whole subject of my parents.” His thumb was beating against the table edge.

At which point, Avery pulled up a chair. “Hi, Bryan,” he said.

“Hi, Avery, how’s it going?”

I said, “Listen, we’re talking now, Avery.”

Avery said to Bryan, “It’s going okay, old pal, except for certain problems. Certain serious environmental problems.”

“Avery!” I said.

“Flake off, Crystal,” he said. “I want to get a third opinion here. I want to hear what Bryan thinks about these problems.”

I groaned. “What problems?” Bryan asked.

Avery told him about the alley, the bushes, the raccoons. How he couldn’t figure out how they got in. “I’m thinking of having it all bulldozed. Let them go hide in someone else’s bushes and steal someone else’s food.”

“So? Go ahead and bulldoze,” Bryan said. Meanwhile, those same ladies in wigs were back, walking toward their table. One of them put an oversize purse in front of her, holding onto it with both hands.

When she caught Avery's eye, she said, "We'll have two coffees."

"Okay, you can get them yourself," he said. "Feel free; just step right up to the machine at the counter."

She tottered to her feet — the tall, skinny one. The other one kept a firm grip on the handbag. Avery said, "Trouble is, I sort of like the alley. Some of my friends like it, too, just the way it is. Come on, I'll show you."

"I've already seen it," Bryan said.

The old lady was back with two coffees. She put them on the table. The other one took a fat sandwich wrapped in waxed paper out of the handbag, unwrapped it, and pushed half of it toward her partner.

Bryan said, "To tell the truth, Avery, I'd get rid of them, too — that weird couch, the mess in the alley, and these deadbeats who are taking up space they don't pay for. You asked me, I'm giving you my considered opinion."

Avery said, "Thank you for your opinion, Bry, I appreciate it." He got up, touched me lightly on the shoulder, and disappeared in the direction of the kitchen. The two ladies set to work on their sandwich, and Bryan shook his head at me.

"Who's the boss around here — Avery or his customers?"

I said, "Tell me the real reason you want to switch schools."

"What?"

"It's because it will make your parents mad, isn't it?" I said. "Isn't that why you started going with me in the first place — to needle them?"

His mouth fell open. "What the heck is going on here, Princess?"

I didn't know how to answer him or at what exact minute the information fell into place in my brain — it had something to do with the smooching couple. With the way Bryan never went in for that kind of stuff in public. Except when that public happened to be his folks. He didn't love me, he probably didn't even like me very much. How could he, when I was an oddball. I was full of thorns, stubborn and tough like the blackberry bushes and an offbeat person. Like those women in their wigs.

The one great thing about me was, I made his parents sick. I said, "You've been using me, Bryan."

"What kind of crazy talk is this? All of a sudden, out of the clear blue sky — "

“I think you’d better go. I don’t feel like talking to you anymore, not just now. So go. I’ll see you tomorrow. Or next week. Or never. Go on, Bryan, please. Do us both a favour.”

“Not without a better explanation!”

“Never mind the explanation. Just go!” Suddenly, I didn’t want Bryan around anymore, didn’t like his smile or his dark good looks or his calling me Princess or anything else about him. Not one thing. How come it took me so long to figure it all out? How come I cared about his parents’ feelings when he didn’t care? And wouldn’t he end up treating me the same way — someday?

Nine forty-five, and I was still at the café, working behind the counter with Avery. Cleaning up, while his brother finished off the dishes in the kitchen. I said to Avery, “You never liked him, did you?”

“No. Never. I think he’s spoiled rotten.”

I’d been crying before, running in and out of the ladies’ room to bawl in private, and my eyes were all puffy now. “Come on,” Avery said. “Let’s go out in the alley and mooch around for a while. The raccoons might turn up. We can ... scare them away or something.” He took off his beret and stuck it on my head.

“I thought you were after their hides,” I said.

“Nah. I like them. I like all wild things. That’s why I’ll never bulldoze.” He took my hand and led me toward the kitchen, the beret still on my head, warming it.

“So what will you do — about the raccoons?”

Avery shrugged. “Just play it by ear. See how it goes, and just ... you know. Things’ll work out.”

There were no raccoons in the alley, none we could see, but there was a sliver of moon, fireflies under the blackberry bushes, and, from the other side of the ravine, the sound of frogs. We stood there taking it all in, Avery looking at me from time to time ... his hands in his pockets, his legs far apart. He seemed to be watching me the way you watch a person who’s wobbly from being sick, checking for signs of health, for their breathing to improve or the colour to come back in their face.

It wouldn’t be easy, though. It wouldn’t happen overnight. It leaves a big hole inside you, having somebody just torn away like that.

There was a sudden noise at our feet, a little jump, then the sounds of scurrying. Avery bent forward to look, moving close up against the bushes. "Careful," I whispered. "Watch out for the thorns."

But whatever it was had disappeared by now. Avery stood up, reached out, and tugged the beret so it sat way back on my head, then stepped back to admire the effect. He nodded twice; he smiled at me. The frogs chug-chugged, the fireflies winked, the bushes breathed their fruity smells at us, watching us as if we were the wild things, as if our world was the dark, mysterious one, full of secrets.

Then Avery said, "Don't worry, Crystal. I'm not afraid of thorns."

Activity 5

Reading and Predicting in Small Groups

Introduction

After modelling the reading of part of a short story for your students, you can now give them the opportunity to read in small groups and discuss possible endings among themselves. This activity allows for observation of **Small Group Learning**.

Instructions

1. The following stories are provided for this lesson:
 - “Turmoil in a Blue and Beige Bedroom”
 - “Growin ’ ”
 - “The Husband Who Stayed at Home”
2. Establish reading groups of mixed ability for students to read the suggested stories.
3. Students read the stories by taking turns. Monitor this activity carefully to ensure that no one is struggling uncomfortably.
4. Once they have finished reading, students discuss possible endings to their story. Everyone should be encouraged to offer ideas, but eventually the group should reach a consensus.
5. You may want students to write individually the agreed-upon ending as they understand it at this point. This may be done in class or for homework.
6. In their reading groups, students collaborate to prepare a brief summary of their story for presentation to the class.
7. One representative from each group presents the summary of their story to the class. A second representative presents the agreed-upon ending to the class.
8. Encourage class members to respond to both the summaries and the endings.
9. Provide each group with their story’s real ending and allow them time to read it.
10. Each group discusses the real ending versus the ending they had agreed upon.

Activity 5

Guide to Assessment

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
SMALL GROUP LEARNING	
EXPLORATORY TALK	Does the student: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> (a) ask relevant questions? (b) listen and talk to learn? (c) explore feelings? (d) generate new ideas?
INVOLVEMENT	Does the student: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> (a) make him/herself understood? (b) share personal experiences? (c) speak with sincerity? (d) convince others? (e) take risks? (f) develop a point of view? (g) sustain a point of view? (h) defend a point of view? (i) challenge with justification? (j) consider modifying point of view?
CO-OPERATION/ INTERACTION	Does the student: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> (a) accept others in the group? (b) help others in the group? (c) encourage others in the group? (d) listen to and evaluate the views of others? (e) respond to the feelings of others?
Continued	

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
SMALL GROUP LEARNING	
ROLES	Does the student: (a) keep the group on track? (b) share or accept leadership? (c) make notes or record information? (d) report back?
EFFECTIVENESS OF THE WHOLE GROUP	Does the group: (a) look like a group? (b) function like a group? (c) achieve its purpose? (d) evaluate its performance?

Activity 5

TURMOIL IN A BLUE AND BEIGE BEDROOM

by Judie Angell

*Will he call? When will he call?
Will that phone ever ring?
And what will I say when he does call?
Being a teen-age girl waiting to be
asked out to a party is sooooo painful ...*

Please let John call.

Please let John call before two o'clock.

If John calls before two o'clock I promise I'll baby-sit Stewie for three Friday nights in a row without arguing.

Now, what will I wear?

I haven't worn my powder blue sweater with the fluffy collar to school yet ... I could wear that with my tan slacks. Or my black slacks. Or my white wool ones? Maybe I'll wear a dress ...

If Claudia goes with Tim, maybe we could double, since Tim drives Yes! That's a great idea, I'll call Claudia. No, I'll wait until I hear from John.

Please let John call soon! If he calls soon I'll try not to argue about *anything* for two whole weeks. Unless they tell me I have to be home by eleven or something But I promise, that would be the only argument.

Can I wear my hair a new way? How can I wear my hair a new way when it's so *short*! Maybe I could stick combs in the sides or something, and pull it up over my ears like this Yuck, too many pictures stuck in the frame of my mirror, I can't even see myself in it anymore

Mmmmm, I should get rid of *this* picture, anyway. Billy and me. Billy's such a creep, how could I ever have liked him? Look at that, he's wearing Bermuda *shorts*, for Lord's sake, what a stupid picture. And there's stupid Kenny Rappoport in the background, holding up two fingers over Billy's head. Why did I even bother to keep such a stupid picture? And look at *me*, with two dumb ponytails sticking out of the sides of my head I look like a cocker spaniel, for Lord's sake! This picture goes *out*, that's it!

Billy. I bet he wasn't even invited to Nancy's party. And if he was invited, I bet he goes with *Marcia*! They really deserve each other.

Oh! The phone! It's ringing, it's ring-ing! I'll let it ring again. Four times, so I won't look anxious. Three ... four ...

Hel-low?

Oh. Hi, Mom. What do you mean you're surprised you got through? I've hardly been on the phone at *all* today! Are you calling from the dentist's? Did Stewie have any cavities? Well, good. Listen, Mom, I'm kind of waiting for a call, so — What? Did I do the dishes? Well, not yet, but — The what? The kitty litter? I *will*, Mom, but I haven't had a minute — My *bedroom*? It looks *fine*, it doesn't need any cleaning. It does not, Mom! Okay, okay, I will, I *will*. I said I *would*, Mom — *Please* stop saying "all you teen-agers." We are *not* all alike, Mom, in spite of what you parents think! I am not sighing heavily, Mom, and I'll do the stuff, okay? Okay. Bye.

Par-ents!

Now. Where was I?

The party. Clothes.

Maybe I shouldn't wear the powder blue. Practically everything I own is powder blue. I'm almost totally associated with powder blue, like a trademark or something. Who needs that!

Maybe green. No, green makes my skin look yellow. Maybe *yellow*!

Ooooooh, there's the phone again. Two ... threee ...

Hel-low?

Oh, it's you, Susan.

No, I'm not disappointed, I thought you were somebody else, that's all. Never *mind* who else. *Nobody* else, I just didn't expect *you*. No, not Roger. No, not Peter, either. *Nobody*, Susan!

Of *course* not *Allen*, Susan, why would you ever think of Allen? Like gross, Susan! Did anyone say anything to you about me and Allen? Did they? You *swear*?

I am *not* overreacting, I just don't know why you would even imagine I would be expecting a call from Allen, he's so wimpy! And he has that awful growth on his cheek. Well, you can call it a beauty mark, I call it a growth!

Listen, I really can't stand Allen Mitchell and let's change the - John? John Carraro? I am not blushing, Susan, how can you tell, anyway, over the phone?

Okay. Maybe John, but just maybe *maybe*, not really *really*.

Stop laughing, Susan, I just thought that *maybe* if John asked me I might go with him, *maybe*. But I don't know and I'm not counting on it. Who are you going with? You're going *stag*? You're kidding! You *are*? But Nancy said *couples*! She did, I swear, I was standing right there when she invited both of us!

She did say couples, Susan. How could you show up there all by yourself when everyone else will be paired off? Susan, I *heard* her say couples.

Well, I think that's pretty gutsy of you, I really do.

The geometry? No, I haven't looked at it yet, why? Trapezoids? What's a trapezoid, I thought that was an order of monks. No, I must have been absent for that. You will? Oh, Susan, you're a doll, you'll really help me? Thanks, you're the best friend I ever had. Phyllis? She is not my best friend. Well, maybe I did, but not anymore. She told Mary Ann I was a snob, do you believe that? Me, a snob! She's the one who's a snob. Just because she had two dates with a boy from Princeton she wouldn't speak to any high school boy for weeks, practically.

Listen, Susan, Phyllis is the type who doesn't even know the meaning of the word *friendship*. She'll just turn on you for no reason and start saying things behind your back.

Oh boy, what time is it? It is? Say, I'd better hang up. Stop giggling, Susan, it's not because I'm expecting a call from John. I promised my mother I'd help her. Never mind with *what*, Susan, I have to hang up.

Okay, bye.

I cannot believe Susan would show up at Nancy's party alone! I bet she has a date, she's just not telling me who yet, that's all. Some best friend *she* is ...

I am absolutely getting claustrophobic in this room.

I wonder what the other kids are doing?

Are they staying home on a perfectly gorgeous Saturday afternoon waiting for a date for Nancy's party or are they going out?

What I'd really like to do is call Liz or Mary Ann or somebody but I just can't tie up the phone anymore

If John would just call *now*, then I could get out of this room and get on with my *life*! I am just stagnating and withering away in this *room*!

Call, John, call. Call, John, call. One, two, three, ring!

If John calls now I'll know I was right all along. I am special. I am different. I am leading a charmed life. I will get everything I desperately want because I was born under a lucky star and everything will be perfect and beautiful forever.

Oh, I know *some* bad things will happen, but not really tragic and I will rise above them and be a better person afterward. And the things I really want, the really important things in life, will all be there like a dream come true because I am magic. If I close my eyes and will it strongly enough —

I'll lie flat on my back and close my eyes. Not too tightly. I'll take a deep breath

Maybe I will actually have an out of body experience. Wouldn't that be terrific? You leave your body and soar above it ... but you're still attached to it by a beautiful silver cord

Deep breath, dee—eep breath.

Ouch, what's that?

Oh, my nightgown is caught under me. I should have made my bed, it's so uncomfortable on your back when stuff is wrinkled up underneath you

There. That's better.

Breathe deeply, deeply.

I am living a charmed life. Everything is perfect. John will call and I will go with him to Nancy's party and I will wear powder blue and everything will be perfect

Inhale, exhale.

Inhale, exhale.

Mmmm

The phone is ringing The *phone*?

Hello?

Oh. Hi, Mary Ann.

My voice sounds as if what? Oh. Well ... maybe I did doze off for a minute, I've been so exhausted lately. You too? I know, isn't it awful?

Nancy's party? I guess so, but I'm not sure. Are you? You are? Who with? By *yourself*? But you're supposed to go with a date. Nancy said so! *She's* going with Bob Reifschneider.

Well, Susan said she's going stag, too, maybe she could be your date.

Oh, I don't know. I'd really feel funny walking in there without a date. Are you really going alone? No, nothing's *wrong* with it. I'd just feel funny, that's all. I mean, I *heard* Nancy say *couples*.

Mary Ann, remember those dumb parties back in junior high where we all went by ourselves and the girls were always on one side of the room and the boys were on the other and how gross and immature it all was?

Yes, I know we're all older now, but still, it would probably end up the same way, don't you think so? That's why Nancy said "couples" to show we've gotten past those kid games and things.

You really think it would be different now? Oh, I don't know

Go where? Down to the arcade? Oh ... gee, I'd really like to ... but I got behind on my geometry and I have to spend the afternoon grinding away on that. You know, trapezoids and stuff ...

Okay, thanks anyway. Have a good time Bye.

Oh, Mary Ann? Call me when you get back and tell me who you saw there, okay? Good. Bye.

Ooooooh, that makes me so mad! I *want* to go to the arcade with Mary Ann, I *want* to!

John Carraro, you are ruining my whole afternoon! Will you please just call me so I can unchain myself from this room before my entire life passes by and my hair turns white and falls out?

If Mary Ann is going to the arcade she'll probably see Claudia and maybe Susan and probably Liz And everyone will be having a perfectly terrific afternoon while I sit here waiting for my date to call!

Of course, it would be okay if he called and I wasn't here and then he'd wonder where I was and all that ... Except there isn't a soul in this entire house right now and so I wouldn't get the message. And who knows when and *if* he'd ever call back. Maybe he'd even try someone *else* if he couldn't get me, so no.

No arcade. No terrific afternoon.

Just me and my room.

Wonderful.

Please let John call. Now.

I'm probably going to flunk geometry. Not flunk ... maybe a D. Mom will die if I get a D. She'll just die. I can't get a D, I just can't. I won't. Susan will help me and I'll get a C. A C isn't so bad. And maybe if I will it strongly enough I'll get a B, especially if I really am living a charmed life.

Maybe I'll put on some records. Good idea! Records will take my mind off everything!

Let's see ... oh, I'm tired of this one.

This one is boring.

I'm not in the mood for this one

This one is scratched. I'll *kill* Stewie for coming into this room without permission and touching my things! I'll just kill him! Little brat

This one I always hated

There's nothing here! This whole record collection is worth squat!

I'd better lie down and close my eyes again and take deep breaths.

I really hate myself when I get like this.

If John would just call I could finally relax.

I mustn't go to sleep, I mustn't go to sleep. I sounded all muzzy before when Mary Ann called and I can't sound like I've been sleeping on a perfectly gorgeous Saturday afternoon. I mean, what would he think, that I had nothing to do on a perfectly gorgeous Saturday afternoon except sleep?

I will not sleep. I'll just concentrate on relaxing.

Call, John, hurry up.

Breathe in, breathe out.

I can't relax, I can't.

I think I'll call Phyllis.

Just for a minute. Just to see what's happening.

Five-five-five, nine-one-eight ... three. There.

Hello, Mrs. Atwater? Is Phyllis there? This is June. She went to the arcade? Oh. Well, thanks. Uh, no, no message. Bye.

Phyllis is at the arcade, too! Rats! The whole world is down there having the time of their happy little lives and here I sit in this ROOM!

Maybe even *John* is at the arcade!

No, he never goes there. He's so sweet, he always helps out his father on weekends.

Maybe he's too busy with his father to call.

No, if he's home helping his father, he'll call when he takes a break. I know he will, it will be a perfect time to call.

He's so cute.

He has a beauty mark, too, but it's a nice one ...

Aha! The phone! This time I'll give it two rings. Okay.

Hel-low?

Oh, hi, Liz

No, just geometry, what about you?

Mmmm, Mary Ann called me too, but I told her I was going to hang around here. Thanks, anyway.

Nancy's party? Gee, I've hardly even thought about it, why?

Uh. Well, I thought slacks. I mean, it's not formal or anything.

Do I have a date? Well, I don't want to say yet. No, I'm not keeping secrets, honest. I'm just ... not sure yet. How about you?

Stag? Really, Liz?

Why do you think couples are a dumb idea?

Well, no, I don't think being paired off "inhibits" anybody, I thought it sounded more mature to go with dates for a change. I mean, we've all been in "groups" since first grade, for Lord's sake.

Oh, well, if you think most kids feel more comfortable going stag, then go stag, I mean — you have to feel comfortable.

Okay, have fun. Bye.

Well.

Nancy will certainly be surprised. I mean, it's *her* party and she should have the right to say how people go to it, after all.

Gosh, why does everything have to get so *complicated*? I mean, I really can't stand it!

Susan is going stag. *Liz* is going stag. *Mary Ann* is going stag. They're going to start an epidemic! I bet now *everyone* will go stag!

Oh, barf *city*! If everyone goes stag, *I'm* sure not going to be the only one with a date, not *me*!

Oh, can you just see how *that* would come off? Everyone laughing and carrying on in cute little groups and I walk in with a date?

Ohhh, no!

Ohmygosh, but what if *John* calls?

What — if — John Carraro calls and asks me to this party that the whole entire *world* is going to *stag*!

I absolutely can't talk to him, I'll have to avoid him!

The first thing to do is get out of this room right now!

Where's my comb?

Here I've been sitting around this positively claustrophobic room all afternoon like the biggest fool who ever grew ears while the entire world is downtown at the arcade —

Where *is* my comb?

Oh, no! The phone.

I won't answer it.

I won't.

But what if it's an emergency or something?

Okay, I'll answer it.

H'lo?

Who?

Ohhh!

Hi, John ...

Story Ending

Me? Well, I just finished *tons* of geometry and I thought I'd treat myself to a trip downtown, you just caught me. . . . I'm on my way out the door. Right now.

No, you're not keeping me, but what? Just one question? Oh, okay . . .

Oh, wow, Nancy's party? Oh, wow, this is really a surprise Hmmm . . . Well, gee, John, it's awfully nice of you to ask me, I mean, I'm really flattered But the thing is . . . Well, I was thinking that it could be so much more fun if we all went in a group, you know, and so no one would feel, you know, inhibited or anything if they didn't have a date, know what I mean? I really do think big groups are so much more congenial, don't you? But, really, John, thanks a lot for asking me, I honestly think it was so nice. Bye, John.

Oh, boy!

Boy!

Now where's that comb?

What — is — *that*? Is that the beginning of a *zit*?

Oh, *please*, don't let me be starting a zit! Please, please, just let my face stay clear and I *promise* I'll catch up on geometry!

Activity 5

GROWIN’

by Nikki Grimes

“You’re new, aren’t you. Yo-lan-da?” He stretched my name out so that I could tell he was making fun of me.

“Don’t call me Yolanda,” I said boldly. “My name is Pump. And don’t you forget it.” I was trying real hard to sound tough so that he would leave me alone. But he didn’t believe me.

“I’ll call you Yolanda as much as I feel like it. What are you goin’ to do about it?” he said, and he was looking mean. Well, I knew I wasn’t going to get out of a fight, so I put my books down on the ground and tried not to shake so much from being scared.

Then I made myself look him in the eye.

“If you call me Yo-lan-da again, I’ll push you, that’s what.” He still didn’t believe me.

“I dare you,” he said. Everybody knew you were scared if you backed down from a dare, and they would pick on you for the rest of your life. So I pushed him as hard as I could. I waited for him to push back, but he didn’t.

“I dare you to do it again,” he said. My knees weren’t knocking exactly, they just rattled a little. But I pushed him again.

“I dare you to do it again,” he said. So I pushed him a third time and waited for him to kill me. Instead he bent down and picked up my books from the ground. Then he broke out in a big sunshine smile.

“My name is Jim Jim,” he said. “Welcome to the block, Pump.”

One day I’d been wanting to go for a swim all day, but Jim Jim was afraid of the water so I hadn’t said anything about it. But my clothes were sticking all to me, so I changed my mind. I took off my shoes and stuck my toes in first to see if it was good and cold. It was.

“What you doin?” asked Jim Jim, plopping down on a rock.

“What’s it look like?” I said.

Jim Jim picked up a piece of stick and started drawing something in the dirt. He looked up serious.

“You know you ain’t supposed to swim here.”

“Who said?”

“Your mama.”

“Mama ain’t here,” I said.

“The sign then.” He pointed to a green-and-white painted wood sign sticking out of the dirt.

“Last week you said I couldn’t read.”

Jim Jim rolled his eyes and went back to his drawing.

“Anyway,” I teased, “you just said that cause you’re scared to get in yourself.”

Jim Jim’s face puffed up red, but he just kept on drawing. I jumped in.

“Wheeeee!” I screamed. I stuck my head under the water and stayed there till I couldn’t hold my breath any longer. I came up splashing and slapping the water with the stiff palm of my hand. Jim Jim wasn’t in the water, but he sure got good and wet by the time I finished.

“Come on in,” I laughed. “The water’s fine.” Jim Jim just shook his head no. He was busy digging up worms to throw at me cause he knew how icky I thought they were. That’s when the idea hit me.

The water was only up to my waist. I walked out a little farther and started splashing and coughing at the same time.

“Help! Help!” I screamed. Jim Jim looked up.

“Help! Help!” I screamed again.

Jim Jim shot up and took two steps to the edge of the river and stopped. He looked down at the water and I could see the fear in his eyes. Then he looked at me as if he was discovering me for the first time. I coughed and spluttered and went under. When I came up the next time, Jim Jim was waist deep in the river coming to me fast. I was still flapping around, but I had stopped coughing. Jim Jim was up to his shoulders. I stood up straight in the water and smiled. Jim Jim stopped dead. The water was up to his neck. He looked down at the river that had swallowed up more than half his body. He opened his mouth, but nothing came out. I couldn’t hold it back. I laughed for all the world to hear.

“Cat got your tongue, Jim Jim?” I said.

“You ain’t drownin’,” he said. “You ain’t drownin’, Pump.” Jim Jim said it over and over again to make himself believe it, and there I was laughing till the fear came back to his eyes.

“Aw. Jim Jim,” I said. “Don’t be afraid. It’s only water. Come on.” I took a step forward toward him. He took a step back.

“Don’t be like that, Jim Jim,” I called, “I bet you’re a real good swimmer, too,” I said. He took another step back and went under. I saw him waving and kicking and thought he was playing for a minute. Then I walked to the spot where he was standing and got pulled under too. There’s a point in the river where the current switches. Jim Jim had walked right into it and I had followed. Now the river was pulling every which way and filling our lungs to bursting and taking us deeper. Jim Jim was flapping and kicking and spitting out water. He wasn’t swimming. Jim Jim really couldn’t swim. He was going to save me from drowning and he couldn’t even swim. And neither could I.

I felt around in the water for Jim Jim’s hand. I found it and held on to it like life. It was life, Jim Jim’s hand.

“Stand up! Stand up!” I yelled. “Pull, Jim Jim!” Jim Jim pulled. He stood up and was pulled back down. He got on his feet once more and dug his toes into the sandy earth and fought the current. He held my hand and he pulled. Again he was dragged down. His head bobbed up, his eyes shooting from left to right along the riverbank. He turned to look at me. The fear had gone from his eyes.

“It’s O.K., Pump,” he said. “It’s O.K.” Then he disappeared underneath the water. He’d felt something. I didn’t know what, but I kept holding on. Jim Jim had been under the river for a long time. I started worrying. Was he all right? Nobody could hold his breath that long.

I felt a tug on my hand. Jim Jim was moving and he was pulling at me. He still hadn’t come up for air, but he was moving forward. One step at a time. And he was pulling me with him. His head finally came up out of the water. The water was only waist deep now, but only Jim Jim’s head was above the water. He was leaning to one side and seemed to be holding on to something. When we were almost back on dry land, I could see what he’d been holding on to. A tree root. Thank God for tree roots, I thought. My eyes followed the root from where we stood in the water to the tree itself. The tree was just near the edge of the riverbank. That’s what Jim Jim had felt when he turned to me and said, “It’s O.K., Pump. It’s O.K.”

Jim Jim plopped down on the ground, pulling me down with him. He still held my hand. I stared down at it. Warm, brown, strong. Jim Jim’s hand. It was life.

We sat quiet, catching our breath, easing out the fear and the shock in long deep sighs. Jim Jim broke the silence.

Story Ending

“Hey, Pump,” he said. “I thought you could swim.”

I laughed inside, and the deep-down laugh pushed its way to my mouth and out and spilled all over that riverbank.

That’s when Jim Jim and I became friends. That’s when I told him that I wrote poetry and he told me that he liked to draw. And that’s when I finally told Jim Jim about Daddy and how it was with Mama and me. The testing was over. The trust was true and setting in, and we settled down to being as close as two sides of one coin. Yeah.

Activity 5

THE HUSBAND WHO STAYED AT HOME

A Norwegian Tale

Once upon a time there was a man so cross and bad-tempered that he thought his wife never did anything right in the house.

So one evening during haymaking time, when he came home scolding and complaining, his wife said, “You think you could do the work of the house better than I?”

“Yes, I do,” growled the husband. “Any man could!”

“Well, then, tomorrow let’s switch our tasks. I’ll go with the mowers and mow the hay. You stay here and do the housework.”

The husband agreed at once. He thought it was a very good idea.

Early the next morning his wife took a scythe over her shoulder and went out to the hayfield with the mowers; the man stayed in the house to do the work at home.

He decided first to churn the butter for their dinner. After he had churned awhile, he became thirsty; he went down to the cellar to tap a pitcher of ale. He had just taken the bung out of the ale barrel and was about to put in the tap when overhead he heard the pig come into the kitchen.

With the tap in his hand, he ran up the cellar steps as fast as he could, lest the pig upset the butter churn. When he came up to the kitchen, he saw that the pig had already knocked over the churn. The cream had run all over the floor and the pig was happily slurping it.

He became so wild with rage that he quite forgot the ale barrel in the cellar. He ran after the pig, slipped, and fell facedown into the cream.

When he scrambled to his feet, he caught the pig running through the door and gave it such a kick in the head that the pig dropped dead.

All at once he remembered the ale tap in his hand. But when he ran down to the cellar, every drop of ale had run out of the barrel.

There was still no butter for their dinner, so he went into the dairy to look for more cream. Luckily there was enough cream left to fill the churn once more, and he again began to churn butter.

After he had thumped the churn for a while, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the barn. The poor cow had had nothing to eat or drink all morning, and the sun was now high in the sky.

He had no time to take the cow down to the pasture, for the baby was crawling about in the spilt cream, and he still had to clean up the floor and the baby. He thought it would save time if he put the cow on the top of their house to graze. The flat roof of the house was thatched with sod, and a fine crop of grass was growing there.

Since the house lay close to a steep hill at the back, he thought that if he laid two planks across the thatched roof to the hill, he could easily get the cow up there to graze.

As he started out the door, he realized he should not leave the churn in the kitchen with the baby crawling about. "The child is sure to upset it!" he thought.

So he lifted the churn onto his back and went out with it.

"I had best give the cow some water before I put her on the roof to graze," he said to himself. He took up a bucket to draw water from the well, but as he leaned over the well to fill the bucket, all the cream ran out of the churn, over his shoulders, and down into the well.

In a temper, he hurled the empty churn across the yard and went to water the cow. Then he searched for two planks to make a bridge from the hill to the roof of the house. After a great deal of trouble, he persuaded the cow to cross the planks onto the sod roof.

Now it was near dinnertime and the baby was crying. "I have no butter," he thought. "I'd best boil porridge."

So he hurried back to the kitchen, filled the pot with water, and hung it over the fire. Then he realized the cow was not tied; she could easily fall off the roof and break her legs.

Back he ran to the roof with a rope. Since there was no post to tie her to, he tied one end of the rope around the cow, and the other end he slipped down the hole in the roof that served as a chimney. When he came back to the kitchen, he tied the loose end around his knee.

The water was now boiling in the pot, but the oatmeal still had to be ground for the porridge. He ground away and was just throwing the oatmeal into the pot when the cow fell off the roof.

As she fell, the rope on the man's knee jerked, and he was pulled up into the air. The pot of water was knocked over, putting the fire out, and the man dangled upside down above the hearth. Outside, the poor cow swung halfway down the house wall, unable to get up or down.

In the meantime, the wife had mowed seven lengths and seven breadths of the hayfield. She expected her husband to call her home to dinner. When he did not appear, she at last trudged off to their home.

When she got there, she saw the cow dangling in such a queer place that she ran up and cut the rope with her scythe. As soon as the rope was cut, the man fell down the hearth.

His wife rushed into the house to find her husband in the hearth, covered with ashes, the floor slippery with clots of cream and ground oatmeal, and the baby wailing.

When they had cleaned up the house and taken the cow out to pasture and hung up the pig for butchering, they sat down to eat stale bread without butter or porridge.

Story Ending

The wife said to him, "Tomorrow you'll get the right way of it."

"Tomorrow!" he sputtered. "You'll not be going out with the mowers tomorrow!"

"And why not? You agreed to it," she said. "Do you think the work of the house too hard?"

This the husband would not admit. "No indeed! If you can do it, I can do it!" he growled.

"Well, then!" said his wife.

They argued the rest of the day over who should mow and who should mind the house. There seemed no way to settle it until at last the husband agreed that he would work in the fields three days a week and work in the house three days; his wife would take his place in the fields for three days, and take care of the house the other days.

With this compromise they lived quite peaceably, and neither the husband nor the wife complained very much at all.

Activity 6

Written Response to Literature

Introduction

Having read or heard read four short stories, students now have the opportunity to select the one which appeals to them or is most relevant to their own lives and respond to it. This activity allows for observation of **Writing**.

Instructions

1. Students select the activity of their choice from the suggestions for responding on page 66.
2. Students work on their chosen activity in class. This provides you with the opportunity to meet and confer with individual students to help them with their writing.

Refer to pages 24-25 of the **Basic English OAIP Handbook** for suggestions about the writing process.

Activity 6
Guide to Assessment

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
WRITING	
ATTITUDE	Is the student willing to: (a) write increasing amounts? (b) confer with others? (c) evaluate own writing? (d) write in various forms? (e) write for various purposes/audiences?
COMPOSING AND CREATING	Does the student: (a) develop ideas fully? (b) develop ideas in interesting ways? (c) use an ordered sequence? (d) produce a first draft?
REVISING	Does the student improve the first draft by: (a) adding words and ideas? (b) deleting words and ideas? (c) reorganizing words and ideas? (d) using a word processor to enter, delete, and move text?
Continued	

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
WRITING	
EDITING FOR CORRECTNESS	Does the student edit work for: (a) correct spelling? (b) complete sentences? (c) paragraphs? (d) end punctuation? (e) internal punctuation? (f) variety in sentence structure? (g) word choice? (h) level of language?
GOING PUBLIC	Has the student produced: (a) a legible product? (b) a quality product? (c) a product worthy of display?

Activity 6

Suggestions for Responding

Select the short story which you enjoyed the most. Choose one of the following activities and discuss with your teacher what you plan to do.

Story-Related Activities

1. Continue the story from the point where you were first told to stop. Write your ending in the role of one of the main characters.
2. In role, write a letter to another character in the story explaining why you made the decision you made.
3. Select several song titles which relate to the story and explain why you think they are appropriate. Try to find the lyrics of one of the songs and see if they also relate to the story.
4. Write a poem which captures the main idea behind the story.
5. Write a “Dear Abby” letter as if you were one of the characters in the story. Write Abby’s response as well.

Other Options

6. Make a list of 10 points which would help a couple share a happy relationship.
7. Write a journal entry entitled “Friendship is ...”
8. Make up your own topic and present the idea to your teacher.

Activity 7

What Did Shakespeare Think about Relationships?

Introduction

This activity provides students with a taste of *Romeo and Juliet*. This may, of course, spark sufficient interest that some individuals will wish to read more on their own. This activity allows for observation of **Writing**.

Instructions

1. Conduct a brainstorming session in which students write on the blackboard everything they know about Shakespeare and his work. No doubt someone will make a reference to *Romeo and Juliet*. Use this as an entry point for a brief discussion about the theme, setting, and popularity of this play.
2. Read to your students the excerpt from the play provided on pages 71-83, embellishing it with as much drama and emotion as you can muster. Encourage all students to respond/react orally to the play.
3. Organize a choral reading of the excerpt which involves the whole class. You will need groups of students for the following roles:
 - Narrator
 - Juliet
 - Romeo
 - Nurse

Refer to *Using Drama in the English Classroom* (one of the books in this series) for suggestions about choral reading.

4. Students select the activity of their choice from the suggestions for responding on page 70.
5. Students work on their chosen activity in class. This provides you with the opportunity to meet and confer with individual students to help them with their writing.

Refer to pages 24–25 of the **Basic English OAIP Handbook** for suggestions about the writing process.

Activity 7

Guide to Assessment

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
WRITING	
ATTITUDE	<p>Is the student willing to:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> (a) write increasing amounts? (b) confer with others? (c) evaluate own writing? (d) write in various forms? (e) write for various purposes/audiences?
COMPOSING AND CREATING	<p>Does the student:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> (a) develop ideas fully? (b) develop ideas in interesting ways? (c) use an ordered sequence? (d) produce a first draft?
REVISING	<p>Does the student improve the first draft by:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> (a) adding words and ideas? (b) deleting words and ideas? (c) reorganizing words and ideas? (d) using a word processor to enter, delete, and move text?

Continued

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
WRITING	
EDITING FOR CORRECTNESS	Does the student edit work for: (a) correct spelling? (b) complete sentences? (c) paragraphs? (d) end punctuation? (e) internal punctuation? (f) variety in sentence structure? (g) word choice? (h) level of language?
GOING PUBLIC	Has the student produced: (a) a legible product? (b) a quality product? (c) a product worthy of display?

Activity 7

Suggestions for Responding

1. Pretend that you are Juliet. Write a note to a friend describing Romeo and telling how the two of you met.
2. You are a newspaper reporter assigned to cover the tragedy at the tomb. The newspaper you work for is owned by the Capulet family. Write the report of the death scene; give your article a suitable headline.
3. You and a partner are going to make a video of one of the scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*. Choose a location for the video and explain in writing how you would design a set which reflects the time period of the play. Mention what lighting effects you would use, what music would be playing in the background, and the props that would appear on stage. Include a description of the costumes the actors would wear.
4. *It would have been better if Romeo and Juliet had never met.*

Decide whether or not you agree with the above statement, and then, in your journal, write an argument for or against it. If you have ever been involved in a romance or friendship that didn't work out, you may want to draw on your memories and feelings to support your argument.

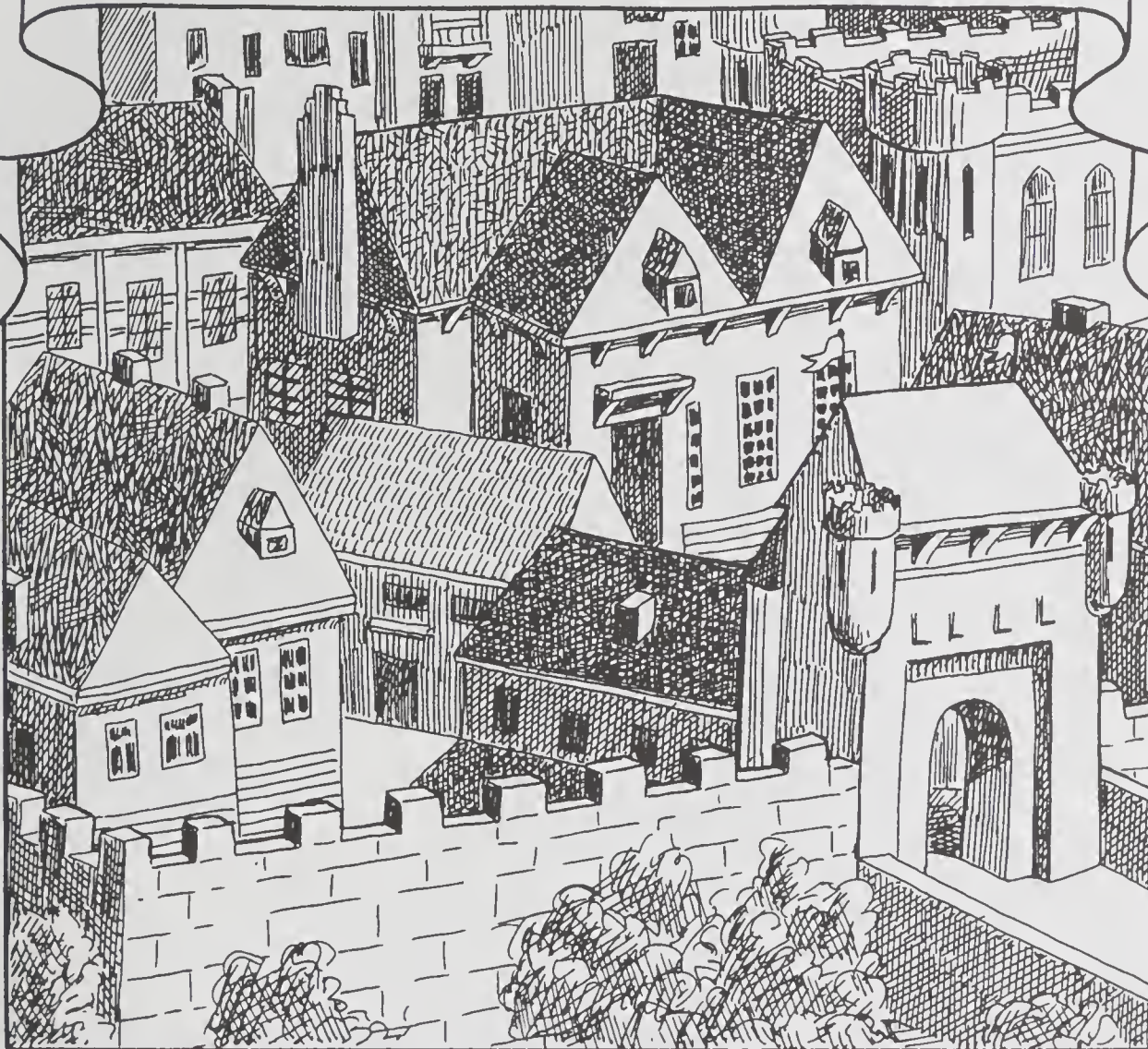
5. Choose one page from the play. Read the lines carefully and be sure you understand them. Rewrite the lines in modern English.
6. Make up your own topic and present the ideas to your teacher.

From

Romeo and Juliet

by William Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet is set in medieval Italy, in the town of Verona. Two of the town's wealthiest and most powerful families, the Montagues and the Capulets, have been quarrelling for many years. They don't speak to one another. Friends of the Montagues are enemies of the Capulets, but no one can remember the exact cause of the fight, it happened so long ago.



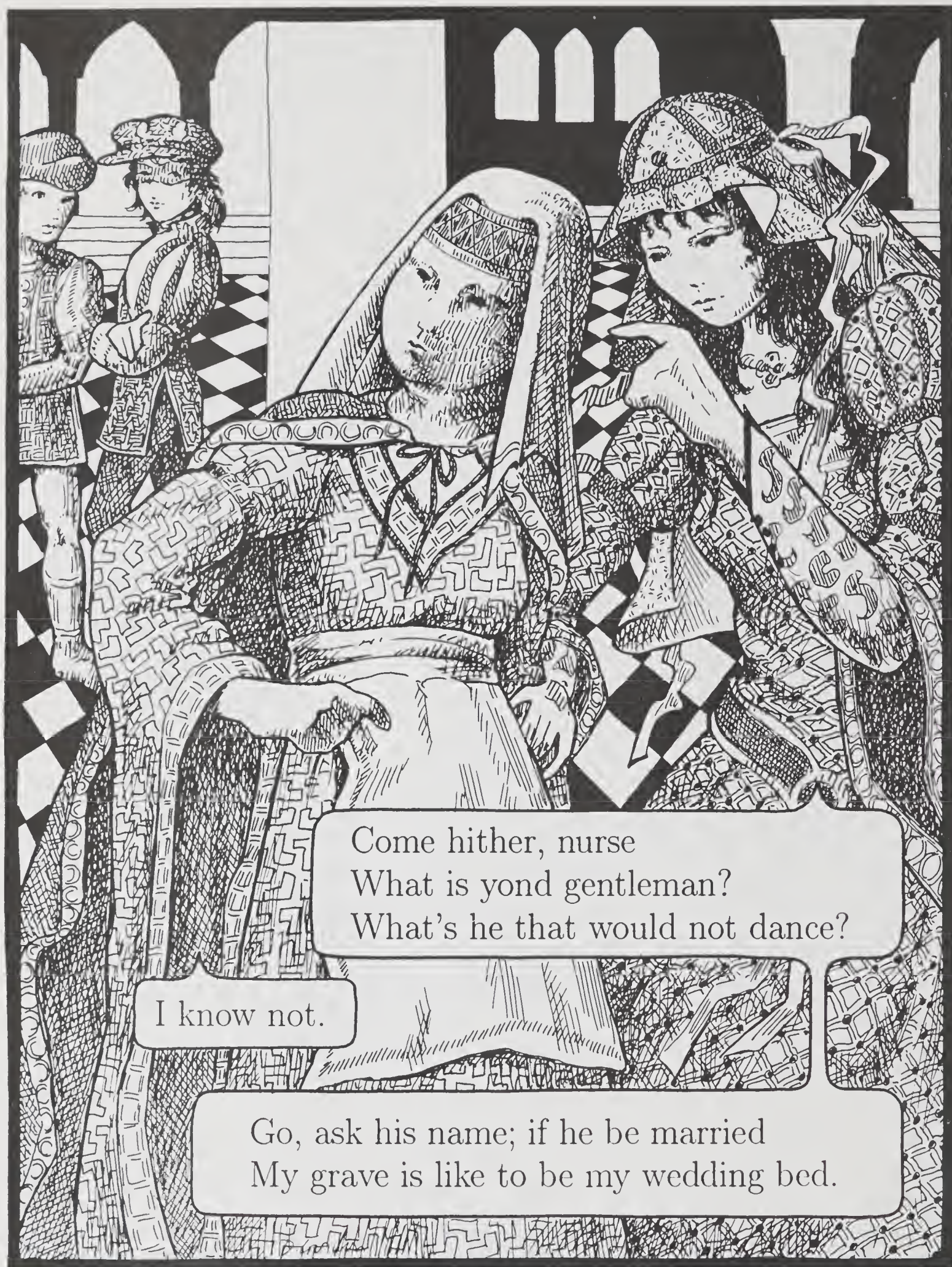
1977
D. Gordon

At the beginning of the play. Romeo, a Montague, goes in disguise to a party given by the Capulet family, and falls in love with a beautiful young woman — Juliet.





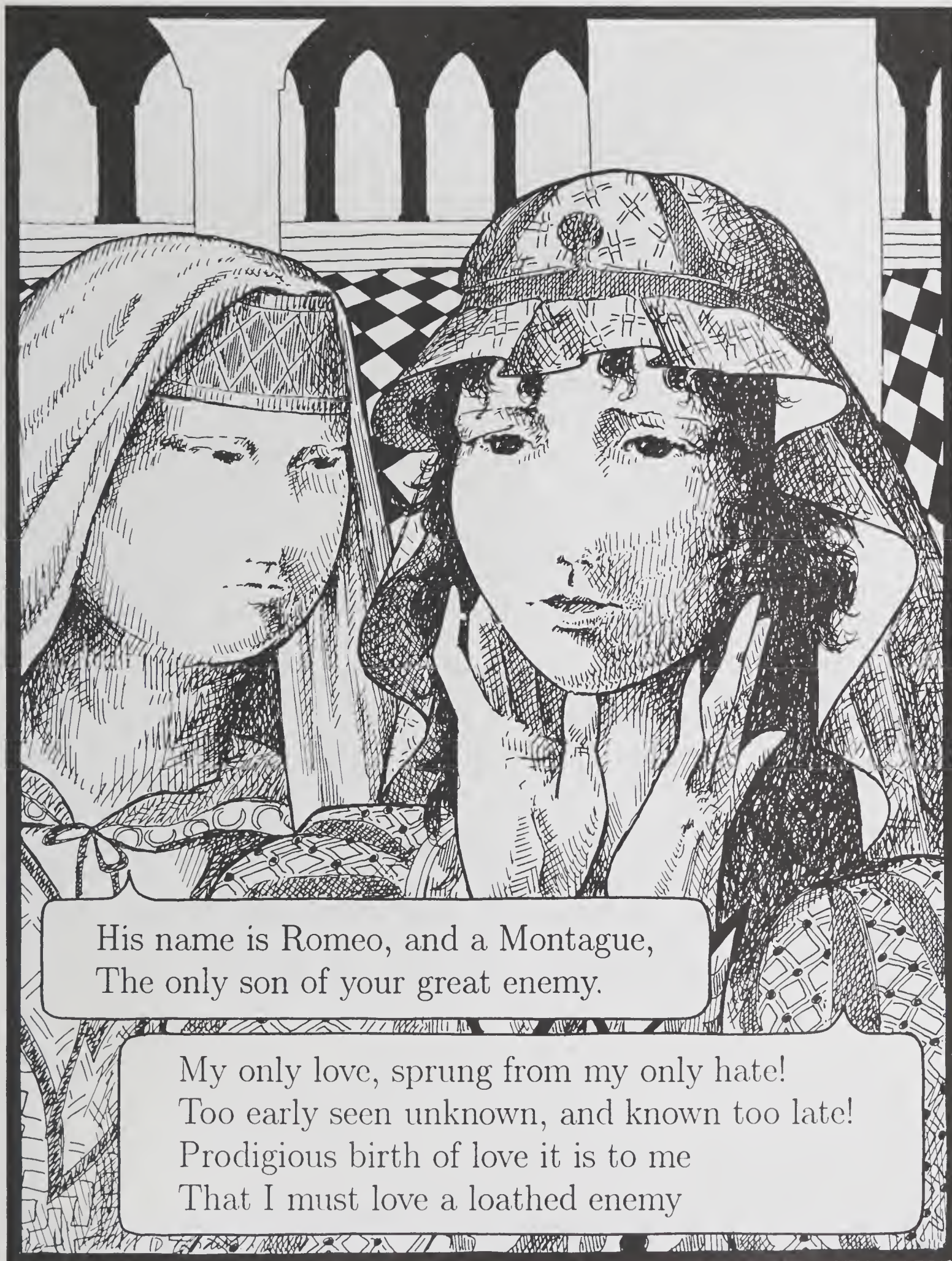
If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.



Come hither, nurse
What is yond gentleman?
What's he that would not dance?

I know not.

Go, ask his name; if he be married
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.



His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

My only love, sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me
That I must love a loathed enemy

Romeo knows that Juliet is a Capulet and therefore should be regarded as an enemy, but he can't deny his love for her. After the dance, he sees Juliet at her window facing the garden.



But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!
It is my lady. O, it is my love!
O that she knew she were!
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!



Good night, good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!

Juliet and Romeo are married in secret, but their happiness is short-lived.



In a duel, Romeo kills Juliet's cousin, Tybalt, and is banished from Verona.



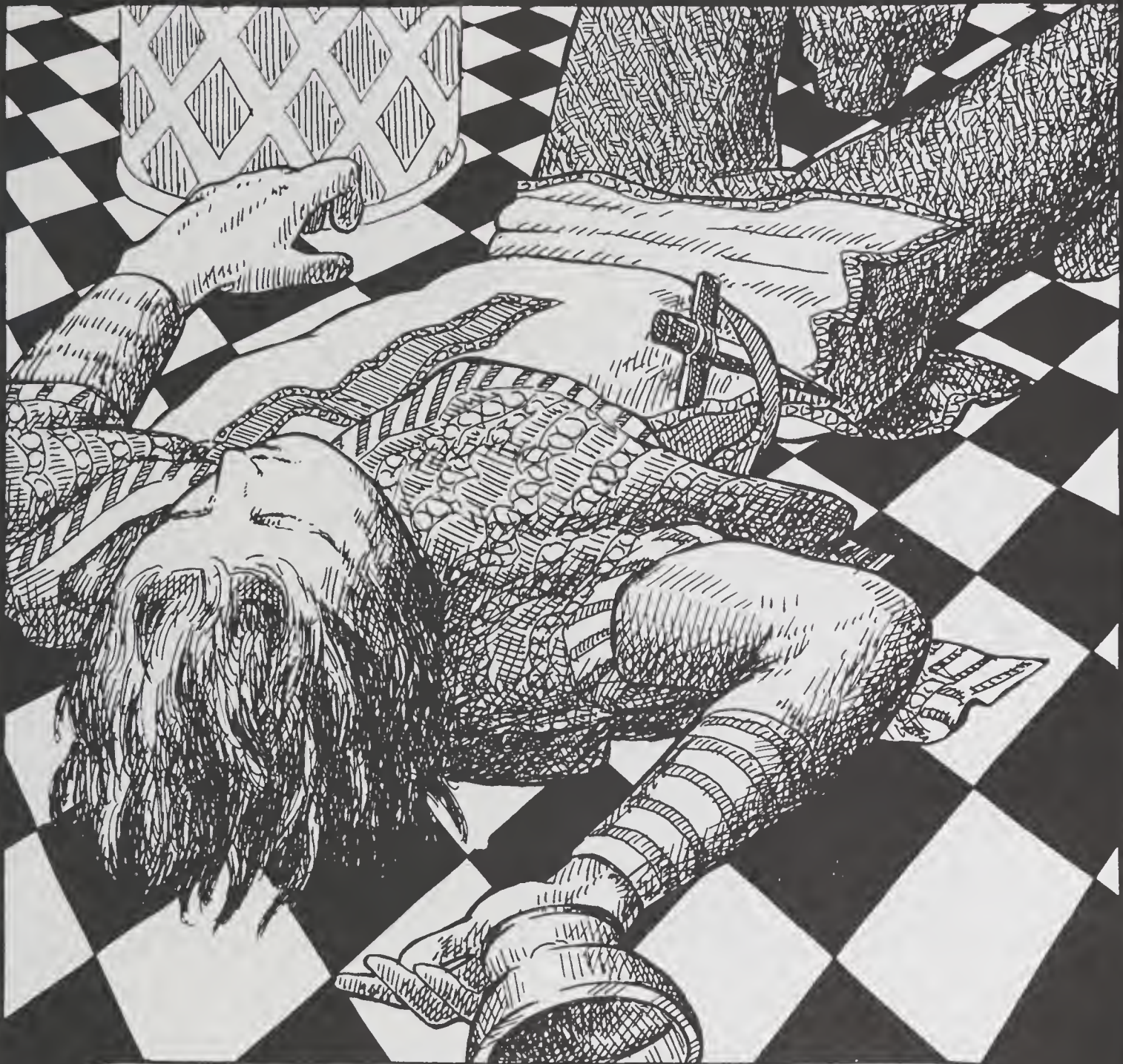
Juliet's parents, not realizing that Juliet is already married, order her to marry another man. To escape, Juliet drinks a potion that puts her in a death-like sleep. Her body is placed in the Capulets' tomb.

Romeo, in his hiding place, hears that Juliet is dead. He goes to the tomb to see his wife for the last time.



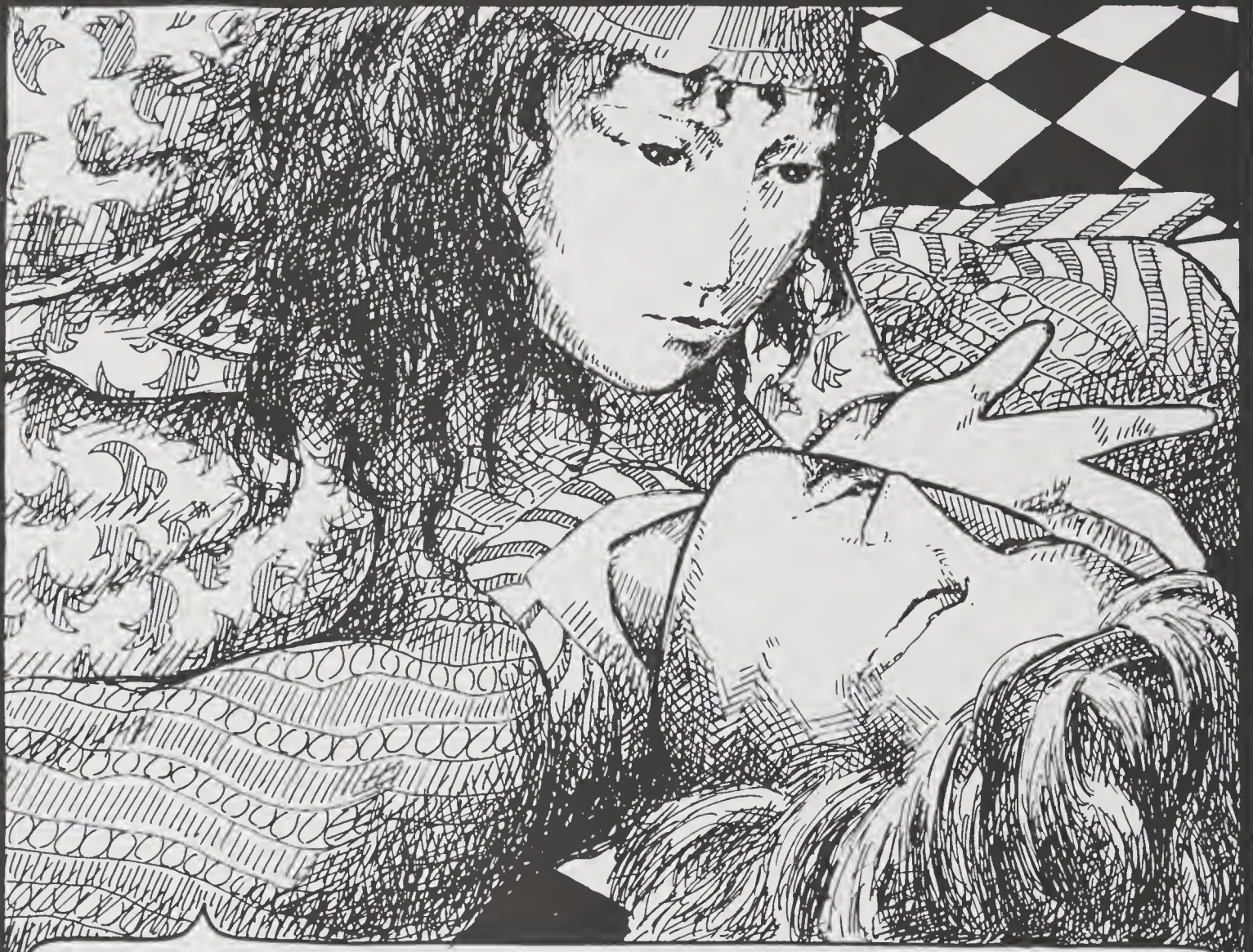
O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquered, Beauty's ensign yet.
Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

He doesn't realize that Juliet is not dead but only in a deep sleep. Full of misery and grief, he drinks poison.



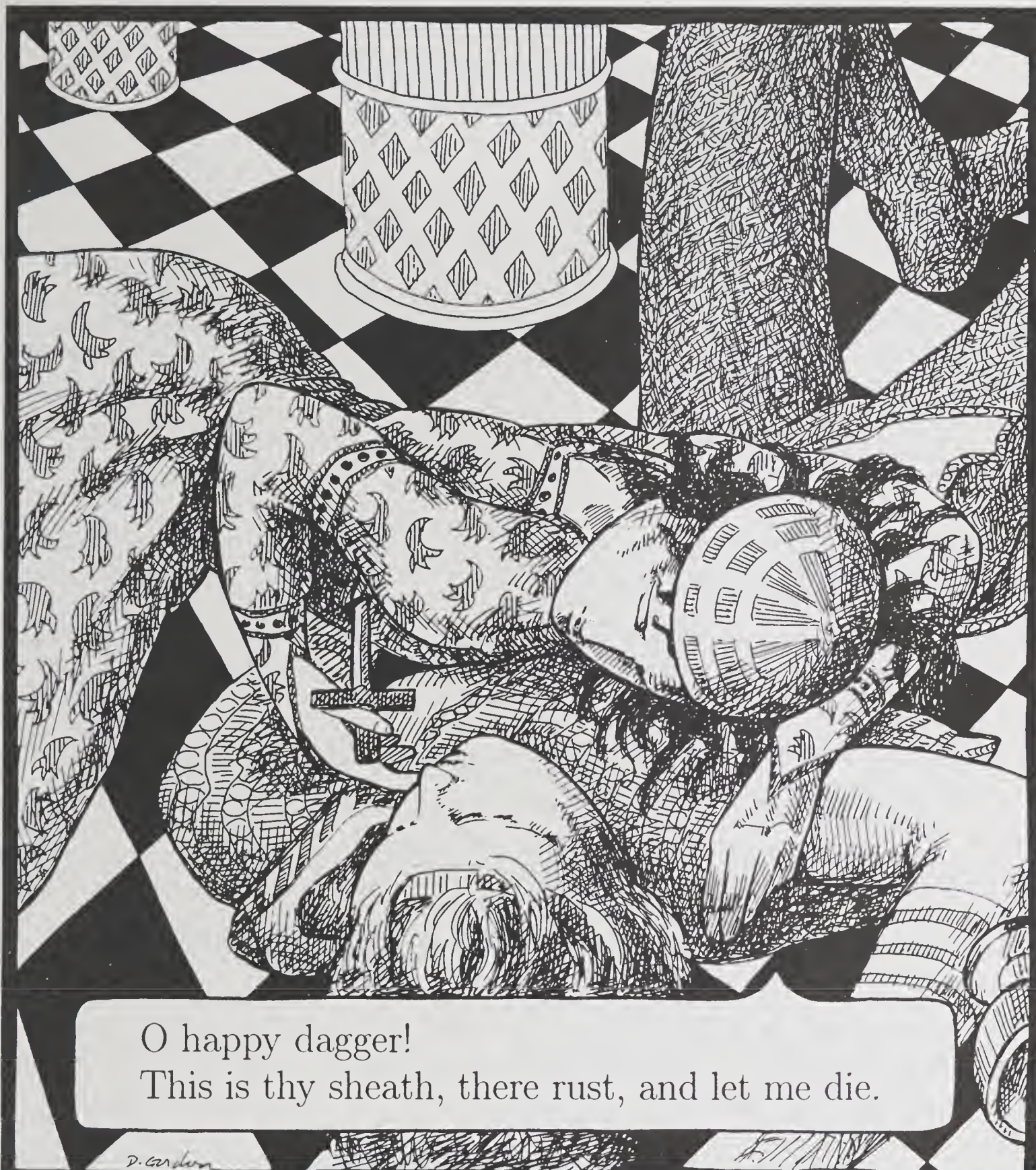
Here's to my love! O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

Juliet awakens from the effects of the sleeping potion, only to discover that Romeo lies dead beside her.



What's here? A cup, closed in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips.
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warm!

J. Gordon.



O happy dagger!
This is thy sheath, there rust, and let me die.

**A glooming peace this morning with it brings.
The sun for sorrow will not show his head.
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.**

Activity 8

Debating the Issues

Introduction

As a quick review of the themes covered in this unit, you may wish to organize an informal debate. In making their points, students should be encouraged to refer specifically to events in the literature they have studied. This activity allows for observation of **Speaking** and **Listening**.

Instructions

1. Students may brainstorm their own topics and then select the most popular, or you may wish to choose a topic from the list of journal suggestions on page 6 of this unit.
2. Once the class has decided on a topic for debate, write it on the board as a statement. Those in agreement with the statement sit on one side of the room, facing those who disagree.
3. Students take turns to present their arguments. You will need to emphasize the importance of listening attentively and respecting the views of others.
4. At any time, a student may “cross the floor” if s/he has been persuaded to change sides.
5. Encourage students to make specific reference to literature they have studied as they present their arguments.
6. When introducing this activity to your students, discuss the importance of etiquette: listening respectfully to others, not talking out of turn.

Activity 8

Guide to Assessment

CRITERIA	INDICATORS
SPEAKING	
ATTITUDE	Does the student show willingness to: (a) enjoy speaking? (b) participate in a range of activities?
CONTENT	Does the student: (a) maintain the listener's interest? (b) stay on topic? (c) use appropriate language? (d) ask relevant questions? (e) express critical judgement? (f) hold and express opinions?
LISTENING	
RESPONSIVENESS	Does the student: (a) evaluate what is said? (b) respond to what is said? (c) show courtesy to the speaker?
VARIOUS PURPOSES	Does the student: (a) retain and recall details? (b) separate fact from opinion? (c) detect inaccuracy? (d) detect bias or propaganda?

Stage Three

SUMMATIVE TESTS, EXAMINATIONS, AND PROJECTS

Activity 9

Stating and Developing an Opinion

Introduction

In this activity, students demonstrate what they have learned about stating an opinion on a contentious topic and defending that opinion.

If the question is to be included as part of a traditional written test or examination, students would be instructed to write their opinions in the style of a journal entry. Alternatively, the question may be entered on a word processor and students would perform the task at the keyboard. A third option would be to conduct the activity as a summative demonstration of oral language skills. In this case, a selected topic may be debated by two students or two groups of students. The teacher would act as observer and evaluator. Peer and self evaluation may also comprise part of the student's mark.

Instructions




1. Agree or disagree with *one* of the topics from the list below.
2. Clearly state your own opinion on the topic.
3. Defend your opinion with at least three reasons. You may wish to start with the following sentence:

“I think that ... for three reasons. These reasons are ...”

- (a) In a marriage, it is essential that both partners be equal in all areas.
- (b) It is important for the man to be the major breadwinner (earner).
- (c) Differences in class and ethnic background are not important in a relationship.
- (d) You don't have to be in love to be married.

Activity 9

Guide to Summative Evaluation

Name: _____ Date: _____			
Test, Examination, or Project: <i>Stating and Developing an Opinion</i>			
Target Area	Criteria	Mark out of 25	Teacher's Comments
 Work and Study Habits	Punctuality Dependability Attentiveness		
 Speaking and Listening	Attitude Content Organization Expression Responsiveness		
 Writing	Composing and creating Revising		
<div style="text-align: right;">Total Mark: /75</div> <div style="text-align: right;">Summative Mark: /25</div>			
Student's Comments: _____ _____ _____			

Activity 10

Producing a Video Talk Show

Group Project




Introduction

The purpose of this activity is for students to synthesize what they have learned about relationships during this unit. The format suggested is a mock television talk show. Refer to *Video Production/Work Experience*, one of the books in this series. This activity allows for summative evaluation in **all areas of the curriculum**.

Instructions

1. If students are familiar with the use of a video camera, they may begin work immediately. If they are inexperienced, refer to *Video Production/Work Experience* before beginning work.
2. Establish work teams. One team is responsible for developing interview questions and responses; another team is responsible for the technical aspects of the show (camera work, preparing the set, etc.).
3. Allow the work teams two or three days to prepare for the talk show. During this time, you will serve as a resource person, facilitator, and evaluator of the learning processes. As students work in their teams, you will have numerous opportunities to observe and evaluate their skills in **Work and Study Habits, Speaking, Listening, and Small Group Learning**.
4. Students conduct the talk show and videotape it.
5. Students view the videotape in order to evaluate their own performances.

Activity 10
Guide to Summative Evaluation

Name: _____ Date: _____			
Test, Examination, or Project: <i>Producing a Video Talk Show</i>			
Target Area	Criteria	Mark out of 25	Teacher's Comments
 Work and Study Habits	Punctuality Organization Effort Dependability Co-operation		
 Speaking and Listening	Attitude Content Expression Role-play Responsiveness		
 Small Group Learning	Attitude Involvement Co-operation/ Interaction		
Total Mark: /75 Summative Mark: /25			
Student's Comments: _____ _____			

Stage Four

REPORTING PROGRESS AND ACHIEVEMENT

Reporting Profile

Name: _____

Grade: _____

School: _____

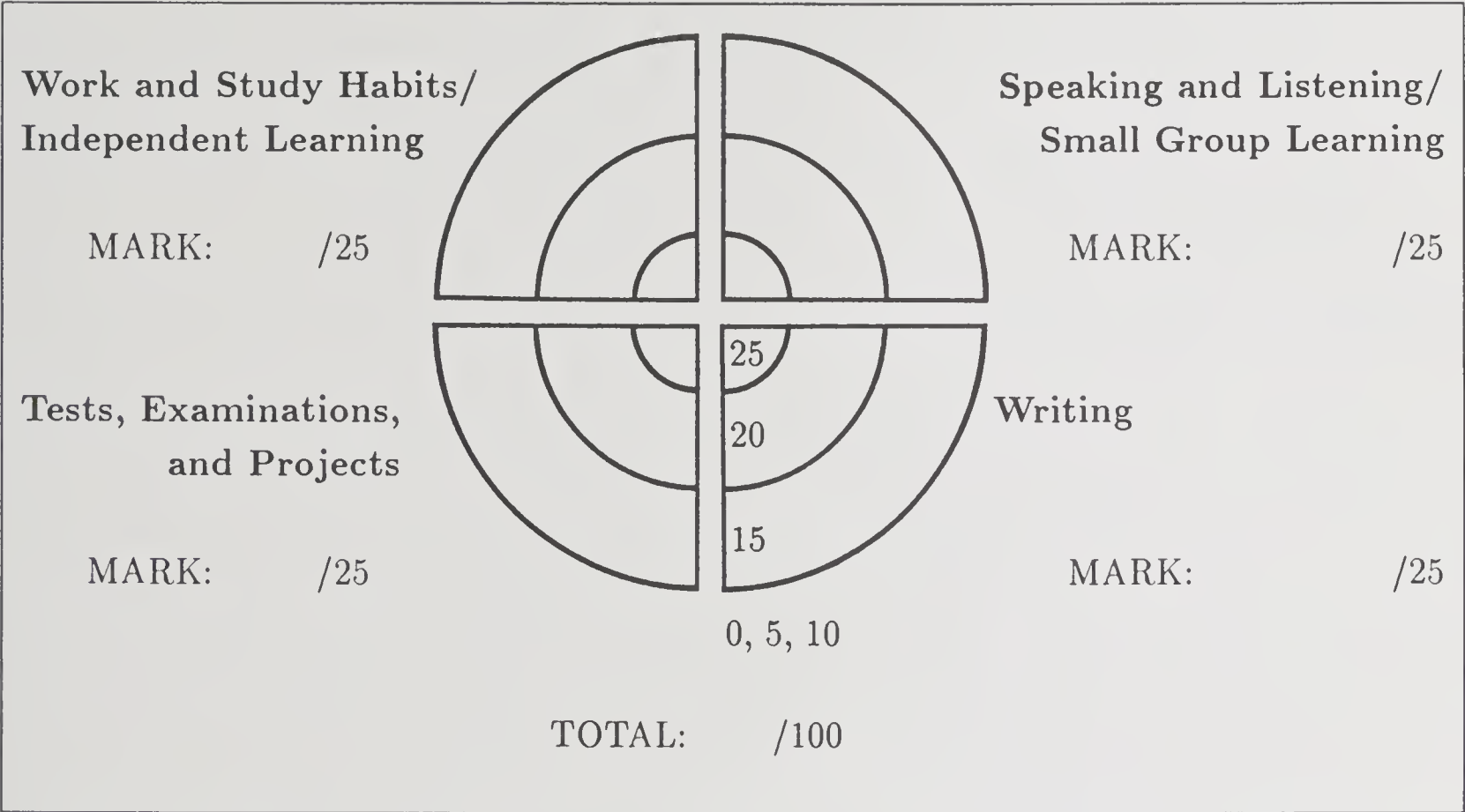
Teacher: _____

Attendance from _____

to _____

Number of classes in English: _____

Number of classes absent: _____



Curriculum Offered: Students explored male-female relationships from their own perspective,
in rock videos and in literature of the past and present.

Teacher's Comments: _____

Signature: _____

Student's Comments: _____

Signature: _____

Parent/Guardian's Comments: _____

Signature: _____

